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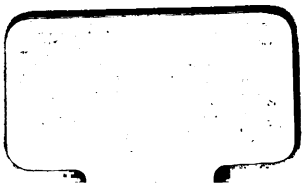

THE EXCURSION
DOWN THE WYE
FROM
ROSS
TO
MONMOUTH;
COMPREHENDING
HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE ACCOUNTS
OF
WILTON AND GOODRICH CASTLES;
ALSO OF
COURT FIELD,
THE NURSERY OF KING HENRY THE FIFTH;
NEW WEAR,
WITH OTHER PUBLIC OBJECTS IN THE VOYAGE:
AND, THROUGHOUT THE WHOLE ARE INTERSPERSED,
A VARIETY OF AMUSING AND INTERESTING CIRCUMSTANCES,
NEVER BEFORE COLLECTED:—PARTICULARLY
MEMOIRS AND ANECDOTES
OF THE LIFE OF
JOHN KYRLE, ESQ.
RENDERED IMMORTAL BY THE MUSE OF POPE,
UNDER THE CHARACTER OF
THE MAN OF ROSS.

" But all our Praises why should Lords engross?
" Rise, honest Muse, and sing "The Man of Ross."

BY CHARLES HEATH, MONMOUTH.

PRINTED AND SOLD BY HIM, IN THE MARKET PLACE:
SOLD ALSO BY D. ROBERTS, ROSS, AND AT ALL THE TOWNS IN THE COUNTY.
1808.

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PREFACE.

THE observations of Dr. Johnson, on the Poetry of Milton, "*That it perpetually exercises the memory or the fancy,*" might with truth be applied to this admired part of the kingdom,—for when the mind ceases to be interested by the historical recollections which the numerous Castles and Abbies, on the banks of the river, are continually exciting,—the eye is immediately delighted with the beautiful scenery, which every where presents itself, during the course of this amusing excursion.

Whether it be owing to the unsettled state of affairs on the Continent, which has rendered travelling, if not unsafe, at least disagreeable,—or to that well-founded curiosity, which excites the Man of Observation to survey its attractions,—certain it is that Monmouthshire has, in the course of the last four or five years, been honoured with a very large share of Public Notice.

It would be an act of injustice to with-hold from Mr. Gilpin his due share of praise; for without doubt, the publication of his "Observations on Picturesque Beauty" have greatly increased the general desire for viewing the scenes his pen so charmingly describes. Before that appeared, there was no work which delineated, in like manner, the whole of the Excursion from Ross to Chepstow, though Mr. Wheatley had given a description of some of the principal features in the course of the voyage.

That

That a RIVER like the WYE, whose course is marked by a "perpetual succession of inexpressible beauties," and adorned, for the space of more than an hundred miles, with towns, villages, castles, abbies, and the most captivating landscapes, should have called forth the exertions of his pen and pencil, we by no means wonder at; for the scenery which he delineates, was peculiarly calculated for the display of his admirable talents.

Mr. Gray (whose name will ever be dear to the lovers of English Poetry), has left his tribute of praise on this pleasing Excursion, in the following Letter to his Friend Mr. Mason, dated the 24th of May 1771:

"My last summer's tour was through Worcestershire, Glocestershire, Monmouthshire, Herefordshire, and Shropshire, five of the most beautiful counties in the kingdom. The very principal light, and capital feature of my journey, was the River WYE, which I descended in a boat, for near forty miles, from *Ross* to *Chepstow*. Its banks are a succession of nameless beauties. One, out of many, you may see not ill-described by Mr. Wheatley. He has also touched on two others, *Tintern Abbey* and *Persfield*, both of them famous scenes, and both on the Wye. Monmouth, a town I never heard mentioned, lies on the same river; in a vale, that is the delight of my eyes, and the very seat of pleasure. The vale of Abergavenny; Ragland and Chepstow Castles, Ludlow, Malvern Hill, &c. were the rest of my acquisitions."

For

For the intrusion of this publication, after what had been done, I presume to offer a few words in its defence. Encouraged, by the facility of communication which I hold with the Public, by means of my Press, and my business, as a Bookseller, introducing me to many estimable characters in the Summer season, I printed, in the year 1795, some accounts of the river Wye, which I intended prefacing with "Notices of the MAN of ROSS," whose character and family connexions were then but little known, beyond the place of his nativity. The communications of Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. Prosser, and William Dobbs, giving me the happiest assurance of meeting with other valuable materials, I directed my attention to Goodrich Castle, Courtfield, and New Wear, as well as to other places of public interest, in the course of the voyage. How far I have succeeded in these efforts, is left to the unbiassed judgment of the Reader.

The Memoirs of John Kyrle, esq. were snatched in a happy moment from the oblivious grasp of Time,—all my informants having since retired to the silent tomb; and no individual is now living, who possesses the least knowledge either of his person or his manners; neither were the Public before acquainted with the Pedigree of his Family.

Alike little known was Courtfield, even though immortalized for having been the Nursery of King Henry the Fifth. Who can view such a spot, without feeling their minds warmed, from contemplating the virtues of that magnanimous Prince?—he, who with a handful of

his

his countrymen, subdued the kingdom of France, and forced the weak and pusilanimous Charles to yield him up his title of King, and accept of Peace on such terms as he should chuse to offer! Such a mansion was worthy of being kept in repair, at the public expence, as a testimony of the Nation's Gratitude, to the Memory of such an illustrious Sovereign.

The Notices of the Swift Family, at Goodrich, must interest the feelings of every generous heart. The total neglect of the eminently honest Vicar of this parish, tarnishes in a high degree the memory of the restored Monarch; but, alas, *gratitude* to his father's adherents, formed no part of Charles the Second's character.

The account of the gigantic Skeleton found in *Doward*, is a circumstance which will afford amusement. Human thigh bones, equal in size to those here mentioned, are to be seen in the Ashmolean Museum, in Oxford;—a positive proof that men of such uncommon stature have existed, in some period of the world.

The settlement of New Wear, as an Iron Manufactory, was known but to very few people:—it is now ascertained, and by a descendant of the founder of the place.

That part of my work, which describes the Churches on the banks of the Wye, with the Notices of the Dead interred in them, appears to have the least claim on the reader's attention. Wholly uninteresting I hope they will not prove, as they serve to illustrate family connexions; besides, in county histories, monumental remains have always obtained a distinguished rank.

Nor

Nor is the insertion without its MORAL, which should be the grand aim of all writings. Whether we enter a Church as the sacred Temple of the Almighty, set apart for his most solemn worship; whether we view it, as the Asylum, the "House for all Living," to which we must all sooner or later retire;—or whether, with a philosophic mind, we hope to be animated, by contemplating the tombs of the virtuous, to imitate their example, and obtain the grateful reward of posterity,—avoiding the execration of mankind, by shunning the paths of the vicious;—all serve to exercise our rational faculties, and to "advance us in the scale of thinking beings."

Even curiosity is attracted by an elegant or ancient church. No traveller of taste, who had leisure, would pass thro' Marcle, without inspecting the tomb of Sir John Kyrle and his Lady. What ideas do the effigy of Lord Mortimer excite, in the mind of the Historian, if it represents a Mortimer, and that there is no doubt of, for Marcle formed a part of his possessions. A Baron of Wigmore, whose ancestors awed the Sovereign of the day, is now content to occupy the small space of a pew, in one of his former parish churches! Many parts of the Rudhall monuments in Ross Church, possess a great degree of beauty, sufficient indeed to claim the traveller's notice, if respect to the Man of Ross's memory did not lead him into it. The undecided figure in the small Church of Welch Bicknor, will exercise recollection in history, as the political conduct of the Lady's Husband, and his subsequent death, in consequence of it, forms a very

a very interesting circumstance in the annals of this kingdom.

To this undertaking I was not invited by the profits that were likely to result from my labours. It employed a large portion of time, which other pursuits at home would better have rewarded my assiduity; but, cherishing an enthusiastic love for antiquarian research, though my talents are very inadequate to the pursuit, pecuniary motives were but of secondary consideration.

Much I owe to the memory of those departed friends, whose communications have increased the value of my collections. Language would but ill express the zeal exerted by many, to obtain for me the best authority on such subjects as claimed my notice; which they afterwards communicated with the most disinterested good wishes. My reception at the Hill, was perfectly in unison with that urbanity of manners which marked Mrs. Clarke's character; nor are other families less deserving of an equal share of my respectful thanks.

The friendship of the late Rev. Dr. Griffin, demands my grateful acknowledgments. In all my visits to HADNOCK, I was received and entertained with the kindness of a Father; and as I proceeded with this and other parts of the tour, he often elucidated the subjects read to him; which his accomplished mind, added to his knowledge of the district, so fully enabled him to communicate; for the Doctor might, with great truth, be ranked among the most learned characters of the age in which he lived.

PREFACE.

It remains for me now to express my obligations to the travellers in these regions of taste, for the patronage conferred by them on my collections. In this new Edition, I have endeavoured to improve its interest, by the insertion of such communications as have occured since the publication of a former Impression; and if, by my exertions, I shall have contributed to the pleasure of this amusing excursion, my wishes will receive their best reward.

CHARLES HEATH.

Monmouth, July 1808.

INNS AT ROSS.

The Swan,—by Mr. Medhurst.

The Inn for the London and South Wales Mail Coach.

The King's Head,—by Mrs. Howells.

[*At the above Inns Carriages are kept.*]

The George and Excise Office, by Mr. Potter.

Parties, making the Excursion down the Wye, may be provided with Pleasure Boats, at each of the above Houses;—cold Collation, the best Wines, and every other necessary Refreshment for the Voyage.

INNS AT MONMOUTH.

The Beaufort Arms,—by Mr. Avery.

The King's Head, by Mrs. Edwards.

The Crown and Thistle, by Mr. Barlow.

[*At the above Inns Carriages are also kept.*]

Boats,—cold Collation, Wines, &c.
Provided for Parties, the same as at Ross.

The Angel, by Mr. Williams.

THE RIDE FROM ROSS TO MONMOUTH.

The road from ROSS to MONMOUTH being conſidered, by Travellers, as one of the moſt beautiful RIDES in the kingdom, from the number of intereſting objects, and fine VIEWS of the River and ſurrounding Country,—the following Breviary will point them out to the ſtranger, without inquiry, as they ſucceſſively occur.

Leaving Roſs,—the fine Bridge over the Wye at Wilton, the Caſtle and Hamlet

Mr. Kyrle's Walks run parallel with the River for a Mile, at the end of which is the Summer Houſe.

Two Miles, on the left, the late Mrs. Clarke's Houſe, now of Captain Evans.

From two to three Miles,—the VIEWS mentioned as worthy of Pouſſin, the River, Country, Goodrich Caſtle, Walford Church,—divine ſcenery

The Village of Penoreek. Between this and Goodrich, in the valley, on the right, is the Rev. T. Swift's Houſe, called the New Houſe.

Four Miles,—Goodrich, Catch a View of Coldwell Rocks, on the left. The towering Promontory, called Symond's Yat, and Rocks at New Wear, now come in ſight. The deſcent below the Croſs Keys, New-mean hill. Mrs. Powell's Houſe.

On the oppoſite ſide of the River,—Huntſholm, Mr. Powles.

At the bottom of the Hill,—Old Forge, where I ſuppoſed the Iron Works were carried on, and in the adjoining fields the Cinders found.

Six Miles,—The beautiful Village of Whitechurch. The Hills of Doward in front. The Summer Houſe, on the left eminence, charming.

Seven Miles,—On the left, Doward Houſe, the late Capt. Groves, now his Widow.

In the Valley, on the right,—The Fort, Henry Barnes, eſq.

Geneau'r yw Hill,—beautiful View of Hadnock and the Wye.

On the left,—The Lays Houſe, Stephen Oakley Attlay, Eſq.

The WYE now joins the Road, after being a truant Companion all the former part of the Ride. Charming Ride from hence to Monmouth. In the Summer you are delighted on the way with a Chorus of Birds, from the neighbouring Woods.

On the right Bank, called the Old Chapel (from having been once a Catholic Chapel) a neat Box, Mr. Edward Lucas, Monmouth.

On the left Bank,—Hadnock Houſe, the late Rev. Dr. Griffin, now the Reſidence of his much reſpected Lady.

Nine Miles,—on the Hill, Newton, the late George Griffin, Eſq. (who died as ſoon as it was finiſhed for his Reception) now Mrs. Griffin.

Adjoining the road, on the right,—A neat Box, called the Curled Cat, from having formerly been a public houſe, and the ſign a White Lion,—but called "The Curled Cat," in compliment to the painter's TALENTS.—The reſidence of Mr. Willis.

On the left,—Dixton Church.

SUCCESSION

OF

CONTENTS.

THE WYE.

On the Origin of the Excursion.—Etymology and Course.—Geographical Description.—Its Navigation.—Its Ornaments.—Soil of Herefordshire.—Curious Fishing Boat, called a Truckle.

ROSS.

Brief Notices of the TOWN, and surrounding NEIGHBOURHOOD,—including Perrystone Hill, King's Capel and Tump Feast,—Cradoc,—Marcle,—Weston,—and Manor of Archenfield.

MAN OF ROSS.

Containing a variety of curious Notices relating to that highly distinguished Character, from his Cradle to his Grave.

Church Notes for ROSS, with an Account of the Monuments.—Mr. Walter Scott's Charity.—The late Mrs. Clarke's House, at the Hill.—Walford Court House and Church.—Wilton Castle, &c.

GOODRICH CASTLE, &c.

Historical and Descriptive Accounts, including many curious particulars relating to that much admired Ruin.—Goodrich Priory, and Church.—Anecdotes of the Swift Family.—Description of a curious Silver Chalice, presented to Goodrich Church, by Dean Swift.

COURT FIELD,

The Nursery of King Henry the Fifth.—Welch Bicknor Church, with the Monument, said to be that of the Countess of Salisbury, his Nurse.

COLDWELL ROCKS.—Sad catastrophe attending Mr. Wafre, jun.

WHITECHURCH.

Doward Hills and King Arthur's Hall.—Curious particulars relating to the Gigantic Figure, found in Little Doward.

NEW WEAR.

Picturesque Description.—Settlement as an Iron Manufactory.

Walk from thence to the Lays,—to Hadnock House,—to Dixton,—and MONMOUTH.

ON THE

ORIGIN OF THE EXCURSION DOWN THE WYE.

WHEN the late Dr. John Egerton, bishop of *Durham*, first entered into holy orders, his father, who was bishop of Hereford, and to whom the right of presentation belonged, on the 23d of December 1745, collated him to the rectory of Ross. Possessing an ample fortune by inheritance, and being charmed with the country round his Living, he constantly made that town the place of his abode; and it is a circumstance well known, that crowned as he was in the course of years with the highest ecclesiastical honors, he continued his predilection for Ross, and passed as much of his time there, as the duties of his other important offices would allow him to detach from them.

In all the several preferments he possessed, he was beloved, admired, and respected; but at Ross, where he lived the longest, and was the best known, his parishioners considered him not only as their Rector, but as their friend, their benefactor, and almost as their father; and he had so endeared himself to them, that there was no possible mark of genuine sorrow, public or private, with which they did not, with an admiration almost enthusiastic, do justice to his virtues, and manifest their own gratitude when he left them.

A Con-

Connected by birth, as well as by marriage, with the first families in the kingdom,—and the sociability of his disposition attracting a large circle of friends to his mansion,—the town was continually enlivened by parties of his relatives or acquaintance, which conferred a great advantage on the trading part of his parishioners.

Under his auspices the Excursion was first founded, which has since arisen to so much importance in the world of Fashion and Pleasure,—and we must not withhold from the Honorable Prelate the title of "Father of "the Voyage down the Wye." Soon after taking possession of this his first benefice, he caused to be built a commodious Pleasure Boat, for the purpose of taking excursions on this river; and whenever any of his friends visited him in the summer, an excursion down the Wye formed always a part of their amusement.

Time, which (as the moralist observes) "concludes "all human pleasures," having called away the worthy Prelate to fill the See of DURHAM then vacant, the boat was moored on the bank of that river which it was first destined to navigate,—and the ship's crew committed to that destiny,—the element of Fortune,—which we are all, more or less, forced to weather.

For nearly thirty years did the Bishop continue a resident,—at the end of which period, the Wye seems to have first attracted the notice of Mr. GILPIN. For ME to speak of his "Observations on Picturesque Beauty," which an Excursion down the WYE excited, would only be an intrusion on the better sense of the reader, since the world have given his Work their unanimous

nimous praise; yet I cannot help noticing, that as a Clergyman first promoted the voyage, the Beauties and History of the River should be published by gentlemen who have embraced the Clerical Profession,—Mr. Gilpin and Mr. Shaw.

For some years afterwards, a single boat was sufficient to convey the company down the Wye; but since the pleasure of the excursion has been made known, and its scenery illustrated by the engraver, they have increased to the number of EIGHT, and MORE are sometimes wanted, to accommodate the company.

ETYMOLOGY
AND
COURSE OF THE WYE.

FROM AN OLD MS.

THE WYE is called, in Welch, GWY [*Goo-eee*] from CAU, that is, *shut up*, it being very much impeded in its course by the hills. From GWY comes the Latin name for it, VAGA, which if understood in its proper signification, i. e. *wandering*, is certainly a name very well appropriated. It is never called "WYA."

Baderon,—called "William of Worcester,"—in his "Itinerary," gives the following description of the course of the Wye, with the Castles on its banks, and a few of the Noble Families that inhabited them:

"Inform-

" Information received from N. a person in the ser-
" vice of the Duke of Exeter, employed in his Ward-
" robe, communicated to me at Cambridge, January
" 1st, 1475. This person is son of a gentleman in
" Hereford eest:

" NOTE, That the source of the Wye is in a moun-
" tain 10 miles beyond Brecknock, about 8 miles high
" on the higher part of the mountain on the north side,
" and runs first by the town of Beele Castle, which be-
" longs to the Earl of Warwick, and is 6 miles from
" the spring. It then runs by Payn Castle, belonging
" to the Earl of Warwick, 7 miles from Beele Castle,
" and runs in a straight course to Hay Castle, which
" is distant three miles from the Duke of Buckingham's
" Castle of Eresley: it then passes by Maynton Castle,
" belonging to Lord Audley, 6 miles distant from Eres-
" ley Castle: it then runs to the King's Castle of
" Hereford, four miles distant from Maynton; it then
" runs from Maynton Castle to Hereford, four miles:
" and from Hereford Castle it runs to Wykon [Wilton]
" Castle, eight miles; and from Wykon Castle it runs
" to Goodrich Castle, a distance of two miles; and
" from Goodrich Castle it runs to Monmouth Castle,
" five miles distant; and from Monmouth Castle it
" runs by Tintern Abbey, and continues its course to
" Chepstow Castle, a space of sixteen miles; and from
" Chepstow Castle it runs to the Rock of St. Tyryacle,
" five miles distant, or by water three miles, falling
" there into the great river Severn, the south banks of
" which

" which belong to the counties of Somerset, Devon, " and Cornwall,—on the northern banks is Wales."

" Take physic, pomp!"—for nothing can be more humiliating to human vanity than the recollection, that of all the noble families that resided in these mansions, not one of their descendants occupy, or even enjoy, their ancestors possessions: and their castles exhibit only piles of ruins,—many indeed rased to the ground; —while the other part, the monastic orders, are wholly annihilated, and their temples become the habitations of the birds of the air!

GEOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTION

OF

THE WYE.

THE WYE is the only river of which the county of HEREFORD can boast, although the LUGG is sometimes honored with that appellation by the natives.

The WYE rises from Plinlimmon hills, in Montgomeryshire, and entering Radnorshire at Cefincoed, passeth thro' that county, until it receives the ELAN, two miles below Rhaydergowy. From thence it separates the counties of Brecon and Radnor to Hay, a distance of thirty-three miles. Leaving Breconshire at Hay, and Radnorshire at Rhydspence, two miles lower, it enters Herefordshire with slow but majestic pace. The WYE having now travelled sixty miles from its source, is strength-

strengthened and augmented to no small size, by the wealth which it has collected from a large district of hills and valleys on either side, whose numerous rivers and streams have united to add to its importance, by consigning to it at once their respective contents and their respective names.

The WYE moves slowly through this county by the city of Hereford and market town of Ross, until it reaches Glocestershire; then by Monmouth to Chepstow, where it joins the SEVERN SEA,—disdaining to resign its contents to any other stream.

The WYE is neither beneficial or hurtful to the agriculture of this county in any considerable degree. To the city of Hereford and its vicinity it is of service, as coal and other heavy articles are brought there from the Forest of Dean, and Bristol. It also enables the inhabitants to send cider, bark, timber, &c. back by the same conveyance to the SEVERN. Even the counties of Brecon and Radnor derive some little benefit from the WYE, as it is, in floods, navigable six miles above the Hay.

ON THE NAVIGATION OF *THE WYE.*

Many attempts have been made to render the rivers Wye and Lugg navigable, as well for the sake of bringing up different articles from Bristol, &c. at a small expence,

expence, as of finding a more easy and advantageous sale for the natural productions of the County. Accordingly an Act of Parliament was passed in 14th of Charles II. impowering Sir William Sandys, Knt. Windsor Sandys, Esq. and Henry Sandys, their heirs and assigns, to make them navigable. In consequence of this first act, some slight and feeble exertions were made towards rendering Wye navigable, but Lugg still remained in its pristine state. Another act was therefore passed in the 7th of William III. by which, all the powers, privileges, benefits, and advantages, were vested in the hands of trustees; but no provision having been made by this last act,* for filling up the number of trustees when vacancies happened by death, or removal, a third act was passed, remedying that deficiency. At the time this act was passed, it appears that there was the sum of 18,000l. already raised to facilitate the navigation of these rivers, but notwithstanding various attempts have since been made, they still continue too rapid and unmanageble for the purposes of any regular commercial intercouse. The capricious and headlong current of the Wye, seems indeed to bid defiance to every effort of controul; yet it is in its present unimproved state, very beneficial to the County in general. Most of the coal consumed in Hereford and its neigh-

* By this Act, money is to be levied on the county of Hereford, to make the rivers WYE and LUGG navigable. The sum not to exceed 337l. 4s. 5d. per month. County and City, and the borough of Leominster, to be assessed 4526l. 13s. a year, as the Commissioners shall direct. The Custos Rotulorum of the county of Hereford to have an account of monies disbursed. Monthly sum to continue from 24th of June 1696, to 24th June 1700. Trustees may borrow 16,000l. at 4l. per cent. Earl of Kent to keep a lock at or near New Wear. Ten yards of New Wear to be taken twelve inches lower than the lowest part thereof.

bourhood,

bourhood, is brought up in barges after a swell of the river. Various other heavy articles, such as grocery, wines, spirituous liquors, &c. are conveyed at a much easier rate than by land carriage. It is but justice however to observe, that the navigation of this river is extremely difficult, and even impracticable at some seasons, owing partly to its numerous shoals, and partly to deficiency of water, which is frequently experienced in the hot summer months, as well as during the severity of winter frosts.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE

ORNAMENTS,

FROM WHENCE THE WYE DERIVES SUCH PICTURESQUE BEAUTY.

SCENERY of such inimitable beauty (says the intelligent Mr. SHAW), as that viewed down the river Wye, which is unquestionably UNIQUE, naturally requires a minute detail of its constituent parts:—these have been minutely defined by that celebrated comparer of natural and artificial landscape, Mr. GILPIN, in his tour down this river in 1770, a recapitulation of which we here deem necessary.

The beauty of these scenes arises chiefly from two circumstances—the lofty banks of the river, and its mazy course. From these two circumstances, the views it exhibits

exhibits are of the most beautiful kind of perspective; free from the formality of lines.

Every view on a river, thus circumstanced, is composed of four grand parts; the area, which is the river itself; the two side screens, which are the opposite banks, and mark the perspective; and the front screen, which points out the winding of the river.

If the Wye ran, like a Dutch canal, between parallel banks, there could be no front screen: the two side screens, in that situation, would lengthen to a point.

The views on the Wye, though composed only of these simple parts, are yet infinitely varied. They are varied, first, by the contrast of the screens. Sometimes one of side-screens is elevated; sometimes the other; and sometimes the front. Or both the side-screens may be lofty, and the front either high or low.

Again, they are varied by the folding of the side-screens over each other; and hiding more or less of the front. When none of the front is discovered, the folding-side either winds round, like an amphitheatre, or it becomes a long reach of perspective. These simple variations admit still farther variety from becoming complex. One of the sides may be compounded of various parts, while the other remains simple; or both may be compounded, and the front simple; or the front alone may be compounded.

Besides these sources of variety, there are other circumstances, which, under the name of ornaments, still

further increase them. The ornaments of the Wye may be ranged under four heads—ground—wood—rocks—and buildings. The ground of which the banks of the Wye consist, affords every variety, which ground is capable of receiving, from the steepest precipice to the flattest meadow. This variety appears in the line formed by the summits of the banks; in the swellings and excavations of their declivities, and in the unequal surfaces of the lower grounds. In many places also the ground is broken, which adds new sources of variety. The colour too of the broken soil is a great source of variety,—the yellow or the red oaker, the ashy grey, the black earth, or the marley blue. And the intermixtures of these with each other, and with patches of verdure, blooming heath, and other vegetable tints, still increase that variety.

The next great ornament on the banks of the Wye, are its woods. The woods themselves possess little beauty, and less grandeur; yet, when we consider them as the ornamental, not as the essential, parts of a scene, the eye must not examine them with exactness, but compound for a general effect.

The chief deficiency, in point of wood, is of large trees on the edge of the water; which, clumped here and there, would diversify the hills, as the eye passes them; and remove that heaviness, which always, in some degree (tho' here as little as any where) arises from the continuity of ground. But trees immediately on the foreground cannot be suffered in these scenes, as they would obstruct the navigation of the river.

The

ORNAMENTS OF THE WYE.

The ROCKS, which are continually starting through the woods, produce another ornament on the banks of the Wye. The rock, as all other objects, though more than all, receives its chief beauty from contrast. Some objects are beautiful in themselves. The eye is pleased with the tuftings of a tree; it is amused with pursuing the eddying stream; or it rests with delight on the shattered arches of a Gothic ruin. Such objects, independent of composition, are beautiful in themselves. But the rock, bleak, naked, and unadorned, seems scarcely to deserve a place among them. Tint it with mosses, and lychens of various hues, and you give it a degree of beauty. Adorn it with shrubs and hanging herbage, and you still make it more picturesque. Connect it with wood, and water, and broken ground, and you make it in the highest degree interesting. Its colour and its form are so accommodating, that it generally blends into one of the most beautiful appendages of landscape.

Different kinds of rocks have different degrees of beauty. Those on the Wye, which are of a greyish colour, are, in general, simple and grand; rarely formal, or fantastic. Sometimes they project in those beautiful square masses, yet broken and shattered in every line, which is characteristic of the most majestic species of rock. Sometimes they slant obliquely from the eye in shelving diagonal strata; and sometimes they appear in large masses of smooth stone, detached from each other, and half buried in the soil. Rocks of this last kind are the most lumpish, and the least picturesque.

The

ORNAMENTS OF THE WYE.

The various BUILDINGS which arise every where on the banks of the Wye, form the last of its ornaments;—abbeys, castles, villages, spires, forges, mills, and bridges. One or other of these venerable vestiges of past, or cheerful habitations of present times, characterize almost every scene.

A circumstance equally interesting, though not noticed by this writer, is, "the endless variety of the "current." He calls it, "a solemn, parading stream," but that will only apply to "a few of its reaches." This beauty appears in almost every turn of the river,—here, deep, majestic, slow;—there, huddling and brawling over a wide expanse of pebbles;—and now again, foaming over ragged strata of projecting rocks, or eddying round the huge fragments that have fallen from the neighbouring heights. In dry weather, this interesting river shrinks in many places to a comparative rivulet; and the pensive wanderer, who saunters by its side, admiring, through its transparent stream, the successive strata of sand, of gravel, and of rock, over which it flows, has his ear regaled, in a few hundred paces, with all the varieties of plaintive sound, from the faintest murmurings to the sullen roar.

At other times, it will suddenly swell to a boisterous and overwhelming sea, rising many feet in a short space, sweeping every thing before it, overwhelming the vallies wherever it finds an opening between the hills, and exhibiting one continued scene of terrible grandeur.

These

These circumstances produce a charm so independent of those accidents and minuter beauties, which constitute the attraction of less majestic scenes, that you might even fell every tree, and exterminate every shrub, without destroying the sublimity, or even the beauty of the scene: for the river and the hills would still remain, the solid features of the landscape would be yet unaltered; and, like the mere sketches and outlines of a superior master, would command the admiration of every judicious. This being the case, it will be readily concluded, that in every season of the year, the Wye and the surrounding country have their appropriate charms.

THE SOIL OF HEREFORDSHIRE

Is very different, and the difference often becomes striking in the space of a few yards only: From a strong clayey to the kindly sandy mould: yet all are rich, productive, and wonderfully adapted by nature for the nourishment of the different species of vegetables which she had destined to become the tenants of these different species of soils.

CYDER forms a very extensive branch of the wealth of this county. This, however, is an article upon which the farmer does not lay any considerable stress; for even when a *hit* does take place, there are a number of avenues, besides the farmer's pockets, with gaping mouths, ready to swallow the productions of his blooming orchards. This forms, at best, but a precarious property, upon which prudence forbids any material dependence to be laid.

OF THE CURIOUS AND ANCIENT

FISHING BOAT

USED ON THE RIVER WYE, CALLED

A TRUCKLE.

TO the stranger, who has not before seen it, the curious fishing boat, made use of on this river, with the skill exerted in its management, may afford some amusement.

The natives of Hereford and Monmouth shires call it a thoracle, or truckle;—in some places it is called a coble, from the Latin corbula, a little basket. It is a basket shaped like the half of a walnut shell, but shallower in proportion, and covered on the outside with a horse's hide [or canvass]. It has a bench in the middle, and will just hold one person; and is so light, that the countrymen will hang it on their heads like a hood, and so travel with a small paddle (which serves for a stick), till they come to the river, and then they launch it, and step in. There is great difficulty in getting into one of these truckles,—for the instant you touch it with your foot, it flies from you; and when you are in, the least inclination of the body oversets it. It is very diverting to see how upright a man is forced to sit in these vessels; and to mark with what state and solemnity he draws up the stone which serves for an anchor

anchor, when he would remove, and lets it down again.

Mr. GILPIN has related the following story:—"An adventurous fellow, for a wager, once navigated a coricle as far as the isle of Lundy, at the mouth of the Bristol channel. A full fortnight, or more, he spent in this dangerous voyage; and it was happy for him that it was a fortnight of serene weather. Many a current, and many a eddy; many a flowing tide, and many a ebbing one, afforded him occasion to exert all his skill and dexterity. Sometimes his little bark was carried far to leeward, and sometimes as far to windward; but still he recovered his course, persevered in his undertaking, and at length happily atchieved it. When he returned home, report says, the account of his expedition was received like a voyage round the world."*

On reading the above story, I thought it a circumstance deserving investigation;—and, from a descendant of the person who made the voyage, I obtained the following information:—The man's name was LUKE HUGHES; lived at WILTON, near Ross; and belonged to the vessels that traded between that place and Bristol.* He did not perform the voyage for a wager, but, as a frolic, attended the vessel to Bristol, keeping within reach of her assistance the whole time, in case of accident. When he made King Road, a ship of war,

* Grandfather of the late Mr. James Hughes, of the Bear Tavern, Wilton, and the first proprietor of any barge on the river at that place, established for trading purposes. The old man had committed to writing the account of his voyage, which he retained among his papers,—but, I am sorry to remark, he had not been able to find it, when this sheet was first put to press,—and he is now dead.

or

or tender, then lying at anchor, supposing the coricle to be something drifting on the water, put out their great boat, when to their surprise they found it our hero in his truckle. Astonished at his skill and resolution, they took him on board their ship, where they made him merry, and at flood tide attended him with their barge to the mouth of Bristol river, when they parted company, having placed him under the protection of the vessel with which he left Wilton.

Speaking further on the subject to a friend, whose knowledge enabled him to give a just opinion of such an undertaking,—he informed me, that, in the summer season, when the weather was fine and calm, many men were to be found in Monmouth, who would, if necessity urged it, for the value of a guinea, as cheerfully navigate a truckle as they would steer a barge into Bristol river.

BRIEF NOTICES OF
ROSS,
FROM WHENCE THE EXCURSION DOWN THE WYE COMMENCES.

THOUGH the upper part of the Wye affords much pleasing scenery, it is from Ross that the Excursion commences. Boats lightly constructed, which are used either with or without a sail, and navigated by three men,

men, are kept in constant readiness. It requires but little exertion to proceed down the river, when the wind is not contrary to the current; but, as its stream is only influenced by the tide about ten miles above Chepstow, it calls forth some force to drag it back the remainder of the way; obstructed as it is by rapid falls, wears, &c. in many places.

THE PRICE OF A BOAT,

From Ross to Monmouth, is one guinea and a half;—from Ross to Chepstow, three guineas;—*beside provisions for the Boatmen*; which may be allowed for, or found by the company, as is most agreeable to the party.

The author of "British Antiquities" observes, "This "town is built in the form of a CROSS,—the length of "each line of houses being about four furlongs." The borough sent Representatives to Parliament 33d of Edward III. [1360]; since which time (as far as I have found), they have discontinued. Mr. Hill's MS.

ROSS

Is thus described in the "Magna Britannia;—Camden (Gibson's edition), scarcely mentioning it:

"ROSSE, a market and a free borough town, so "made by King Henry the Third, in Greytree hun-"dred. It is a well-built, populous, and well-frequent-"ed town, by reason of its markets on Thursdays, "which is plentifully stored with cattle and other pro-"visions, weekly, and four fairs yearly, on Ascension-"day, Corpus Christi, St. Margaret July 20, and St. "Andrew. It consists of two streets, crossing each

" other, four furlongs in length a piece, containing " about 300 houses; Mr. Camden says, 'twas in his " time noted for smiths; but if so, there is no appear- " ance of it, there being no more of that trade than in " other towns. At the West end of this town there is " a fine broad causeway lately raised. Over against " Rosse is WILTON, in Wormlow hundred, a very an- " cient Castle of the GREYS, from whom so many " illustrious persons have descended."

The town is situated on the declivity of a hill; and, when viewed from the westward, occupies a bold and commanding eminence, at whose feet the river Wye flows, in the most beautiful meandering manner.

It is distant from Glocester eastward 16 miles, Hereford westward 13 miles, Ledbury northward 13 miles, Monmouth southward 10 miles,—and through it pass daily the London mail and other coaches, being the high road to all parts of North and South Wales, and Ireland; which add to the place a great degree of cheerfulness at all seasons of the year.

But, what MORE particularly marks it, is, being the birth-place and residence of

JOHN KYRLE, Esq.

Whom Mr. POPE has rendered immortal, by a panegyric on his character, in his " Epistle to Lord Bathurst, on the Use of Riches," under the Character of

" THE MAN OF ROSS."

Interesting memoirs of whose LIFE, from the most authentic sources, will be found in succeeding pages.

THE COUNTRY
ROUND ROSS.

TO the stranger of taste, who has leisure, I know not of a more pleasant excursion, for the morning part of a day, than a visit to Perrystone Hill, and from thence to Marcle,—which will present to him one of the finest views in this part of the kingdom.

On leaving Ross, we pursue the Ledbury (a fine turnpike) road, for four miles, till we arrive at the Old Goar Inn,* at the foot of the hill, where the traveller will alight,—and ascend the higher ground by the pleasant foot path that runs parallel with the carriage way below.

PERRYSTONE HILL,

Is an eminence, rising in the centre of a lovely vale, encircled by a continued range of mountains, inclosing portions of the counties of Worcester, Hereford, Glocester, Monmouth, and South Wales; presenting, when united, such rich and varied scenery, that language may be said to be inadequate to describe its beauties in their just colours.

* Kept by Mrs. BIRD, where company will meet with neat accommodations,—wines, and other liquors,—added to the most respectful attention and civility.

Looking

Looking towards Worcestershire, the vale of Ledbury displays itself, rich in all the productions of Nature, —terminated by the lofty range of Malvern hills, which so happily bound the horizon;—turning to the right, the same richly varied vale spreads itself before us,—its distance controlled by the firry eminence of May Hill, with the umbrageous Penyard; and, continuing the view, the church and spire of Ross are beautiful objects near us; while, as we still carry the eye round the prospect, the meandring course of the Wye, which is seen in five different points, playing through the luxuriant parishes of Fown Hope, King's and How Capel, Foy, Sellick, &c. enraptures the mind, as it contemplates this truly engaging landscape.

The view from this eminence includes a distance of about twelve miles from any of its aspects,—and the whole is so abundant in every necessary for the comfort of life, that it may vie, either in point of beauty, richness, or fertility, with any part, of equal extent, of the united kingdom.

This shore of the Wye running parallel with Perrystone hill, is formed by the fertile parishes of How and King's Capel, which we suppose once added to the possessions of the Essex family, from bearing that nobleman's sirname for their second appellatives.

Adjoining the Church of King's Capel, separated from it only by the public road, is a conical mound of earth, called

CAPEL

CAPEL TUMP,*

Which, for many years past, has been the scene of mirthful gaiety, in the Whitsun-week, for all the surrounding neighbourhood,—distinguished by the very proper name of "Capel-Tump Feast."

The top of the rise has been sunk about three feet, and the inside walled in with brick, to secure the soil from falling, inclosing a circle of about 18 yards in diameter. In the centre was a noble beech tree, which had grown to such a size, as to cover the circumferenco with its protecting shade. Here the company were used to assemble, the ground being rolled and laid down with as much care as the floor of a room, and enjoy the pleasures of the mazy dance, which was kept up with great spirit the whole of each succeeding afternoon in that week. The Orpheuses were placed on a pleasant seat in the tree, erected on purpose for their accommodation.

The inhabitants around were used to invite all their friends on the return of this village festival; and such was the number of respectable characters assembled, that, an acquaintance told me, four waggons were fitted up to convey the blooming fair (beauteous as the apple blossoms of their native county), who were escorted to King's Capel, by 25 gentlemen on horseback, in grand cavalcade, from HIS house only, to partake of these afternoon pleasures.

* Agreeable to the opinion of the late Dr. Griffin, of Hadnock, all these MOUNDS, in like situations, had their origin in DRUIDISM, antecedent to the establishment of Christianity in this kingdom.

But,

But, in process of time, the OLD tree was compelled to bow his head to the chill and rude blasts of winter,—foreboding, as it were, *the decline and fall of his rural empire*,—and though a scion of his house was planted on the spot where he had so long flourished, to the general joy of the whole neighbourhood, yet, such has been the revolution of taste in the nineteenth century, that this once celebrated *fete champetre* has become disregarded, and at last has fallen into total oblivion.

Previous to its dissolution, the writer had the pleasure to join in its amusements, and greatly he had to admire the politeness and hospitality of the family under whose roof he met with such a cordial reception,—so truly characteristic of the general conduct of the inhabitants of this *unequalled* county.

CRADOC.

AT the distance of about two miles from Perrystone, separated from it by the river Wye, stands the above mansion, formerly the residence of an ancient-british prince, stiled

CRADOC VREICH-VRAS,

Lord of FERLEX, prince of the country between Severn Wye,—contemporary with Arthur, and one of the knights of that monarch's *Round Table*, in the year 517. His residence is historically fixed to have been at this place, which still bears his name,—and the addition of Vreich Vras, which signifies, in welch, " fat or strong arm,"

arm," for his prowess in the use of the bow, as many chieftains were distinguished by like appellatiyes,—for instance, Blethin *broadspear*, &c.—nor will the lovers of English poetry be displeased when I inform them, that through his princess originated the diverting old ballad of the "Boy and the Mantle," inserted in Dr. Percy's collection of ancient English songs.

Cradoc married Tegay ap Vron, daughter of king Pallinor, prince of South Wales. The female court of Arthur being accused of want of chastity, and Cradoc's wife implicated in the censure, he felt his honor wounded by the charge. To put her constancy to the test, a boy is made to enter the room where the company are assembled, and to produce a MANTLE, which cannot be worn but by women of the strictest virtue. Sir Cradoc hereupon challenges his lady to vindicate her character, whose situation, and simple declaration, will excite the reader's risibility.

"Sir CRADOC call'd his lady, and bade her to come near,
"Come, win this mantle, lady, and do me credit here;
"Come, win this mantle, lady, for now it shall be thine,
"If thou hast never done amiss since first I made thee mine.
"The lady, gently blushing, with modest step came on,
"And now to try the wond'rous charm courageously is gone;
"When she had ta'en the mantle and putit on her back,
"About the hem it seemed to wrinkle and to crack.
"Lie still, she cry'd, O mantle, and shame me not for nought,
"I'll freely own whate'er amiss or blameful I have wrought.
"Once I kiss'd Sir Cradoc, beneath the green-wood tree,
"Once I kiss'd Sir Cradoc, before he married me.
"When thus she had her shriven and her worst fault had told,
"The mantle soon became her right comely as it should."

THE

THE HOUSE

Is a noble mansion,—worthy of having been the seat of a prince of the land. It occupies a commanding eminence on the bank of the Wye, which here flows thro' that rich part of Herefordshire described from Perrystone hill. Several rooms posses a great degree of their former splendor, particularly one which overlooks the river, measuring fourteen yards long by ten wide,—having in front a grand hexagon window, with stone montems and transoms,—the walls curiously cloathed with oak wainscoat in pannels, and each pannel, to the amount of more than two hundred, decorated with the crest of a former owner, which I consider to have been a branch of the Holm Lacy family, being a "coronet, or, "surmounted by the paw of a bear, *sable*, armed of the "first," for Studamore, and are now in the most perfect preservation. In short, the whole of the premises impress on the mind of the stranger the high rank of their former owners.

The rooms on this side of the house are screened by a fine range of lofty sycamore trees, the growth of very many years, which extend for more than 200 yards along the brow of the eminence, conferring on it a great degree of beauty, when viewed from the opposite shore of the Wye.

The house is occupied, with the estate, by Mr. Dew, who holds it under the Honorable Mr. Digby, of Coleshill, in Warwickshire, to whom it now belongs. It is situate in the parish of Sel-wye (familiarly called Sellic), which name is derived from the Saxon, imply-

ing

ing " The Great Castle, or place," as all words preceded by " Sel," signify greatness; as Sel-wood, the Great Wood, &c.

THE CHURCH

Stands in the vale, a few meads below the house. It is a very small edifice, consisting only of a single isle, to which a little chapel adjoins on the north side. I expected to meet some monumental remains here, but I found them on the south side of the churchyard,—for without doubt the low altar tombs there, whose heads are decorated with a Cross, contain the ashes of former owners of the above described mansion.

The east window is finely decorated with the history of our Saviour's life,—beautifully executed in stained glass, which was a gift of the Pengethly family, and bears the date of 1630.

I beg to express my public thanks to the present family at CRADOC,—who (in addition to the highest civilities), took great pains in shewing me every part of the premises, that was likely to add to the interest of these pages.

*** Though the introduction of scenes remote from the WYE, carries with it something of what is deemed Bookmaking,—yet, having been the residence of a distinguished part of the KYRLE FAMILY, the writer could not with-hold the notice of MARCLE,—more especially as he was now near the place, and its fine Church, added to the monumental remains therein, rendet it worthy the Traveller's attention.

MARCLE.

MARCLE, or (as it is generally called MUCH MARCLE, is situated about eight miles from Ross, on the road leading from thence to Ledbury; and though the country, from the nature of the soil, which is a yellowish clay, is very unpleasant in the winter season, it is yet a most fruitful and rich part of Herefordshire.

MARCLE BRANCH OF THE KYRLE FAMILY.

THOMAS, of Walford Court, (only son of James, the brother to Walter of the Hill), married Joice, daughter and heir of Mr. Hugh Abrahall, by whom he had nine sons and four daughters.

THOMAS, the fourth son, became Lord of Much Marcle, and Justice of the Peace for the counties of Worcester and Hereford. [His marriage is not mentioned.]

The next mentioned is Sir JOHN KYRLE, Bart. living in 1643. He married Sybil, only daughter of Philip Scudamore, esquire, by whom he had two sons, Francis and Thomas.

FRANCIS, the eldest (who died in his father's life-time), was some time Sheriff of the county of Hereford, married Hester, daughter of Sir Paul Tracey, of Stanway, Bart. by whom he had issue one son, who succeeded to the Baronetage.

He married Rebecca, daughter of —— Vincent, of ——, by whom he had issue four daughters; 1st, Vincentia, married to Sir John Ernley, Knt. of Berryton, in Wiltshire (at that time Knight of the Shire), and eldest son of Sir John Ernley, chancellor of the Exchequer: 2d, Hester, married to William Wintour, of Dymock, esq. 3d, Eliza, married to John Middlebrook, of Stretton, in the county of Hereford, esq. and 4th, Sybil, married to Giles Wintour, younger brother of William.

THOMAS, the second son of Sir John Kyrle, and only brother of Francis,—who in the above Pedigree is stiled of "Gray's Inn,"—dying without issue; and issue male failing in the last mentioned Sir John Kyrle, the name and title became extinct in him. He died the fourth day of January 1679, aged 60 years, and at that time was Member of Parliament for the county of Hereford.

[The Pedigree goes no further than 1683.]

*** This FAMILY received the honour of a BARONETAGE from his Majesty King CHARLES I. in 1627, being the second year of his reign.

About

About a mile from the turnpike road stands

HOM HOUSE.

The late residence of Sir JOHN KYRLE, Bart

NOW OF

WILLIAM MONEY, ESQ.

So called from its situation, it occupying a gentle rise fronted by spacious demense lands; but the mansion, which was old and and ill-suited for the economy of modern life, has in a great measure been taken down, and altered to the ideas of the reigning taste.

MARCLE CHURCH.

The Church of Marcle occupies a small eminence in the midst of fine meadow ground, and is one of the handsomest, as well as the largest, religious edifices in this part of the country. It consists of two noble isles, besides the nave, which are divided by well-proportioned pillars, with a square embattled tower at the west end, and measures from thence to the Altar fifty yards.

On the north side of the chancel, inclosed with iron rails, is a small Chapel, belonging to the Kyrle family. Mrs. Clarke's papers furnished me with the following particulars relating to it,—and affords a curious instance "of a man of rank and fortune preparing a mausoleum, "and erecting a grand monument for himself and wife "in his life-time:"—

"Sir

"Sir John Kyrle, the elder, gave the Treble to the "ring of bells in Much Marcle,—and built the fabric "adjoining to the chancel, which is commonly called "the Chapel, wherein he IN HIS LIFE-TIME erected a "fair monument of white and black marble, for himself "and his lady, under which tombe they both lie buried, "in a cemetary or vault made by him for his posterity. "These things he did in the year of our Lord 1628, "and this record thereof was, from the testimony of "his grandchild Sir John Kyrle, inserted in our Church "Register, by me,

"WILLIAM WATTS, *Vicar*, *April* 8, 1663.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MONUMENT.

On a fine slab of black marble rest the effigies of Sir John and his Lady Sibyl at full length, with tasselled cushions under their heads, and the addition of a canopy to that of the Lady's. At Sir John's feet is placed the family crest, *a hedgehog*; and round the base on which it stands, their motto, "*nil moror-ictus*,"—literally, *delay not the stroke*,—but figuratively applied to the properties of that animal. Out of a bason, at the feet of the Lady, issue erect the paws of a bear.

They are both superbly habited in dresses of the time in which they lived,—Sir John with a fine ruff and flowing beard—his scarf richly ornamented with fleurs de lys. His consort in a full quilled ruff, and other paraphernalia of that day. At the ends and sides of the monument are the arms of his lady's (the Scudamore) family, [gules, three stirrups with leathers, or] with those of other relatives; and round the exergue this

INSCRIPTION,

INSCRIPTION:

Translation,—the original in Latin,—" Underneath " sleep in peace Sir John Kyrle, Baronet, and Sheriff " of the County of Hereford; and his valued Wife, " Sibyl: they lived together forty-four years in unin- " terrupted harmony,—or without misfortune. His " desire to preserve peace—or to prevent litigation— " will cause his memory to be for ever beloved and " respected."

The whole is as perfect and fresh as on the day it was first laid down,—except the nails on the fingers, which might have been injured in bringing the monument to Marcle,—and exhibits the finest piece of sculpture, of the kind, to be met with in the distance of many miles. It would do credit to the talents of a Rubilliac, a Rysback, or any other statuary, whose works adorn the walls of Westminster Abbey.

Against the North wall of the chancel, near the reading desk:

A mural monument, free-stone painted to imitate marble, inclosing a blue slaty stone, with a gilt moulding. On it is engraved a lady at prayer, a book and desk before her; with a scroll issuing from her mouth, and this sentence: " *Sol Christ. mihi solo ‡ sal.*"

[A kind of play upon Monkish words.] Christ is the sun to me,—my health is in the sun,—or, Christ is my sun and my salvation.

Erected to the memory of " Elizabeth, wife of John " Cyrrill, citizen of Hereford and M. P. who died the " 19th of June 1623."

The above are the only monuments in the church erected to the memory of the family.

Underneath

Underneath the preceding monument, a little to the right hand. A whole length recumbent figure, in the dress of a Religious, holding her beads. *Tradition calls her Lady Audley.**

In the Chancel are some monuments of the Walwyn and other families.

Under the South window, opposite the Reading Desk.

A whole length recumbent figure (carved in wood), a cushion under his head, and a dog at his feet—hands in the attitude of prayer—and cross-legged. *Sir John Hellyn, of Hellyn*—now Mr. Walwyn's estate.

North isle of the Church.

In the middle. Two whole length recumbent figures, (carved in stone) male and female; hands in the attitude of prayer, a cushion under the lady's head—at the man's, part of a broken cannon; a lion at his feet. Very ancient, but quite perfect; kind of conical hood over his head. No inscription. Tradition says, Lord Mortimer and his Lady.

This monument is of the age of Edward III. because chain mail armour was not used after that period.

* John Lord Audley married Margery Mortimer, daughter of Roger and Philippa Mortimer. Marcle was a part of Philippa's dower, which she inherited in right of her mother, who was the daughter of William Montacute earl of Salisbury. From her husband the parish obtained its second appellation of Marcle Audley.

Mrs.

Mrs. Clarke's papers mention these particulars;

MEM.—"The four sides of Much Marcle churchyard did of old belong to these who are hereunder named, viz. The north and south sides unto the honorable Sir John Kyrle, bart. lord of the manor of Much Marcle, and to his successors in the said manor;—the east side, to the right worshipful Fulke Walwyn, esq. lord of Marcle Awdlies, and to his successors in the said manor for ever;—and the west side do belong to the whole parish in common, to be kept and maintained out of the common purse. This observation I received from auncient men of the parish, to be transmitted to posterity. In testimony whereof, I subscribe my name,

"WILLIAM WATTS, Vicar.

"In July 1637, died of the PLAGUE, all Richard Wylde's family, Jane his wife, and one daughter, the number whereof was six;—and so did five more at Grindall's house in Yatton, by intercourse therewith;—so did all Keeke's family,—and all widow Powell's family.

"Lady Sybil Kyrle buried 9th February 1635.

"Sir Richard Walwyn, knt. was buried the 20th day of September 1578.

"Sir John Kyrle buried April 20, 1650.

"Lady Sybil, only daughter of Philip Scudamore, esq."

*MARCLE HILL.**

At MARCLEY HILL a great wonder happened, in Queen Elizabeth's days, in the year 1575. Dr. Fuller gives us this account of it:

"The Hill roused itself, as it were, out of its sleep, "or rather it might be said to be in labour for three "days together, shaking and roaring all that while, "to the great terror of all that heard it, or beheld it. "It threw down every thing that opposed it, and re- "moved itself to an higher place." A thing strange enough, but yet, what another author adds much increases it. "It carried along with it the trees that "grew upon it, the sheepfolds, and flocks of sheep "grazing on it. In the place from whence it removed, "it left a gap of 400 feet wide, and 320 long. The "whole field was above twenty acres. It overthrew "Kynaston chapel that stood in its way; removed an "yew-tree, growing in the chapel yard, from the "West to the East, throwing down with violence the "causeys, trees, and houses: it made tilled lands pas- "tures and pasture tilled land." Having thus walked from six o'clock on the Sunday evening till two o'clock on Monday morning, it then stood still and moved no more, mounting up to an hill twelve fathoms. Mr. Camden supposes, that this shaking and removal of this mountain was caused by that kind of earthquake, which naturalists call *Brasmatia*. The spot is about six miles West of Ledbury, near the conflux of the Wye and Lug.

* See "Magna Britannia,"—Herefordshire, page 936.

Mr.

Mr. Phillips, in his Poem called "CYDER," thus notices it:

"I nor advise, nor reprehend, the choice
"Of MARCLEY-HILL; the Apple no where finds
"A kinder mold: * yet 'tis unsafe to trust
"Deceitful ground: who knows but that, once more,
"This mount may journey, and, his present site
"Forsaking, to thy neighbours bounds transfer
"The goodly plants, affording matter strange
"For law-debates? If, therefore, thou incline
"To deck this rise with fruits of various tastes,
"Fail not by frequent vows t'implore success;
"Thus piteous heav'n may fix the wand'ring glebe.†

- - - - WALWYN, esq. the descendant of an ancient family, has a handsome house and estate, called Hellyns, in this parish,—whose lineage and marriage connexions are perpetuated by a handsome marble monument in the chancel of the church.

* This observation of the poet's is strictly true at the present day,—for few parts of the county produce more cider, or of a richer quality, than this under consideration. At the House, kept by the late honest John Ballard, I have partook of this beverage, so excellent indeed, that, at the tables of the opulent, remote from these scenes, it might have passed for the pleasant white wines of Spain or Portugal.

† The most respectable authors,—from the time the event happened, down to the present hour—when treating of Herefordshire, have always mentioned the above circumstance with great seriousness, as deserving belief. We smile however now at the wonder, and do not yield it that implicit faith, which the gravity with which it is told would impose upon us. As connected with MARCLE, the writer thought proper to insert it here.

The writer would wrong the obligation he owes to William Money, esq. was he, on taking leave of Marcle, to omit acknowledging the flattering reception he met with at Hom House,—a reception, the politeness and hospitality of which, though devoid of introduction, conveyed an idea that he was conferring a favor on HIS family, rather than soliciting communications for this work.

Nor should he with-hold an equal acknowledgment to the Rev. Dr. Roberts. What information also the writings in the church contained, were shewn to the writer, but they were of no value, being of a very late date; for, the Doctor informed him, that a preceding Incumbent had thrown the contents of a large chest, consisting of many valuable papers, into the fire,—for the avowed purpose of preventing them from being made useful to the public at any future period.

In addition to the Vicarage of this parish, Doctor Roberts holds the Rectory of Abbey Dore, with the honor of a chaplaincy to his royal highness the Prince of Wales. Few livings can boats of a more comfortable vicarial residence than Marcle.

At the season of my visit here, it was beautiful to observe, as I stood on an adjoining hill, the hedge rows, formed of the most luxuriant *hawthorn*, then in full bloom, extending over a considerable space of inclosures, and perfuming the air with the fragrance of its elegant blossom.

The superior fertility of Herefordshire, is particularly marked in the approach to Ross, from Glocester. After passing through a dreary line of communication, formed by the parishes of Huntley and Long Hope, we arrive at the pleasant village of

WESTON,

Generally called "Weston under Penyard," from the lofty wood of that name, by which it is so umbrageously protected: a very extensive and opulent parish,—whose church, with its old Saxon tower, standing on a commanding eminence, becomes a fine object to the surrounding neighbourhood.

At a short distance from the turnpike road, happily selected for its situation, is

BOLLITREE,

A respectable mansion, for many years the residence of the MEYRICK family,—well known in the literary world, by the fables published under that name, whose author has celebrated this place of his nativity, by the following

LINES ON BOLLITREE.

Near where proud Penyard's woods arise,
Whence Cambria's hills salute our eyes,
On a fair spot enclos'd with wood,
That long the rage of time has stood,
Stands Bollitree. In days of yore,
E'er Lancaster the sceptre bore,
Well known to fame.
Old Gaunt, 'tis said, had seen the place,
And Hereford's renowned grace,

There

There deign'd to spend a social hour,
Whilst virtue charm'd him more than pow'r,
When hapless Richard's wretched reign,
Caus'd Britain's sons to seek the plain
It's master* lov'd of Hereford,
Join'd with him, and drew the sword,
And whilst our Henries bore the sway,
At Bollitree how bleat the day.
When fam'd Eliza rul'd the land
And gallant Essex held command,
A branch † from this old stock arriv'd,
In Spain, right hardy deeds atchiev'd,
Then Cales unhappy felt a blow,
That laid her lofty turrets low.
And when by too severe a fate
Brave Essex felt the axe's weight,
Firm to his much lov'd lord he stood,
And seal'd his friendship with his blood,
But late from hence, high honour bore,
E'en to remotest India's shore,
In evil hour, a daring swain, ‡
In beauty's bloom he prest the plain;
Ah! hapless youth of soul sincere,
Receive the heart-bestowing tear;
Since fate thy vital thread has shorn,
Eternal laurels grace thy urn.
Sacred to ye deserving dead
This ancient Fabric rears it's head,
Arches with ivy overgrown,
And walls of moss-bemantled stone,
Again restor'd, in awful state,
Your honour'd memory await.
Accept the humble tribute paid,
And peaceful sleep each awful shade.

* Thomas Meyrick.

† Sir Gwillim Merrick, knighted at Cales for his valour.

‡ Lieutenant Samuel Hopkins, of Colonel Draper's regiment, slain at the siege of Fort St. George.

The

The house has, for some time past, been occupied by Mr. John King, who rents the estate.

The family of Nourse are of great respectability, and resided for many years, in a handsome house in this parish. John Hardwick, esq. has also a good house and estate here; and, at a short distance from it, is a little paradisaical spot, called BILL-MILL, peculiarly distinguished for its NEATNESS, the property of my friend, Mr. Richard Parker, whose excellence as a papermaker ranks him among the best manufacturers of the present day,—under whose roof, and in the flower woven harbour, during an acquaintance of twenty years, many social hours have been happily enjoyed.

The Living of *Weston* (which gives name to one of the Deaneries of the diocese), ranks among the first Rectories, in point of value, in the Bishopric of Hereford. The present Incumbent is the Rev. - - - Wallond, one of the Canons of the above Cathedral, who resides in a charming house here, belonging to the benefice.

The church, though of early erection, does not contain any monumental remains deserving the stranger's notice.

Another portion of the county of Hereford, equal in point of beauty, richness, and fertility, with that we have before described, is called the

MANOR

MANOR of ARCHENFIELD,

Which, in the time of the Anglo-Saxons, was the territory of Prince URGON, or ERGON,—formed by a large district, lying chiefly on the shores of the Wye, comprehending the parishes of Bridestow, Peterstow, Marstow, Goodrich, Whitchurch, and Gan-y-rew; whose history will be respectively noticed, as we proceed on our excursion down that river.

In Domesday book, it is called ARCENEFELDE, and was governed by laws distinctly specified, one of which is still boasted of, "that when the army goes against "the enemy, they, by custom, make the van-guard; "and, in coming back, the rear-guard;" which is considered as honorable to the courage of its inhabitants; and the patriotic asserters of their country's liberties associated at Ross (making a body of six hundred men) under the command of Colonel Nourse, of Weston, now distinguish themselves by the title of the "Archenfield "Volunteer Infantry."

In the above record, the King is said to have "three "churches,—and one hundred men (less by four), who "have seventy-three plough-lands with their men, in "this manor;"—but no person is mentioned as holding it immediately of the King *in capite* after the conquest.

The LAWS have little interesting for the stranger,—and the only observation to be drawn from them is, "that WE live in an age, when the true principles of "civil liberty are better understood, and better acted "upon, in our own nation, than in any other country "upon the face of the whole habitable globe."

The

MANOR OF ARCHENFIELD.

The country round Ross has long been distinguished for a valuable breed of SHEEP, known by the name of RYELAND,—and in a communication to Mr. Arthur Young's "Annals of Agriculture," by Mr. J. Puller (who, through the medium of Mr. Wansy, of Salisbury, obtained the premium, in 1805, from the Bath and West of England Society, for the production of a Ryeland tup's fleece), he thus expresses himself:—"Not "being a native of the county of Hereford, but rather "a citizen of the world, I perhaps may be credited in "giving an unprejudiced opinion of the county and its "inhabitants: The former has long been celebrated "for *oxen*, *wheat*, *wool*, *wood*, *water*, *cider*, and *hops*;— "the *inhabitants are eminently distinguished for urbanity, hospi-* "*tality*, *good living*, *agricultural knowledge*,—and *industry* and "*activity* among the lower orders, *beyond any thing I ever* "*met with elsewhere.*"

Having attempted a feint outline of this very charming neighbouhood, I hasten again to ROSS, to introduce the Memoirs of John Kyrle, esq. one of the brightest ornaments of society, whose fame has been extended, by the writings of Pope, over every part of the British dominions, under the title of *The Man of Ross*.

PEDIGREE

PEDIGREE

OF THE

KYRLE FAMILY.

When a former edition of this work was paſſing the preſs, the late William Wyrhall, eſq. of Engliſh Bicknor, going through Monmouth, and caſting his eyes on a ſheet of the impreſſion, with the utmoſt kindneſs informed me he would improve the intereſt of the pedigree of the Kyrle family, ſupplied by Mrs. Clarke, I had before printed, by giving me one that embraced a more early record of their deſcent, which he ſoon ſent, and on whoſe authority it is laid before the Public. He claimed a relationſhip to the family, and told me ſome circumſtances connected with it, whoſe information I have adopted in the ſucceeding pages. He was a gentleman in whoſe perſon life was protracted to a great extent of years, retaining the full uſe of his faculties to the laſt hour of exiſtence,—and it is to be lamented I had not the benefit, in other parts of the Tour, of his ſuperior information. Calm and thoughtful, his mind was eminently calculated, from his knowledge of the hiſtory of this diſtrict, greatly to improve the value of my pages. But his reſidence being chiefly at Pont-y-pool, a diſtance of twenty-one miles from Monmouth, and not being acquainted with his attainments in this walk of literature till the very cloſe of his life, he retired to the ſilent tomb without my receiving any other communications from him than thoſe I have noticed,—though I have reaſon for thinking, from other attentions, he would have given me his mind in the illuſtration of any ſubject on which I had claimed his attention.

*** The learned Mr. Dallaway (the Earl Marſhal's Secretary), in a vol. of Letters edited by him ſays, "This family, originally from Flanders, obtained a ſettlement "in Herefordſhire, during the reign of King Henry the Seventh [1485] and changed "their paternal name from CRILLES to KYRLE." The pedigree in the poſſeſſion of Mrs. Clarke commences in the above reign; but we have here more certain evidence of their being reſidents at a much earlier period.

The following is extracted from a Pedigree made by Sir James Kyrle, Baronet, Vicar of Walford and Much Marcle, in the year 1683.

IN

IN the most ancient writings relating to this family, the name is Crul, Crull, and Crulle,—afterwards Cryll, and sometimes Curl,—till at last it was universally written Kyrle.

The first person mentioned in the pedigree is

Robert Crul, of Altone, or Old-town, near Ross; but who in 1295 lived at Hom, now Hom-green, near (and I think in the parish of) Ross. He was the common ancestor of the Clarke's of the Hill, and of the Kyrles of Walford Court. His wife's name was Matilda or Maud,—his only son was named William, and he had a daughter, Edith.

William Crul, of the Hulle, or the Hill, was the son of Robert Crul, and his name is first found in 1318, and last in 1339. At Hom-green is still a good farm house, a small distance from the Hill. From this William was descended (either his son or grandson)

Philip Crul, whose will bears date in 1400, but he was living in 1408. His wife's name was Alice. He had two sons, John and Thomas,—and a daughter, Agnes. The next we meet with is

John Crulle, of the Hulle, in the parish of Walford, in 1445; and in 1473 mentioned by the name of 'John Crylle, of Walford, the elder.' During this time, we have in the family writings the names of William Crull, of the parish of Walford.—Thomas Crull, John Crull, in 1452,—and Philip Crull. These seem to be four

younger sons of this 'John the elder,' and that his son and heir was

Walter Crull, of the Hull, mentioned in 1485 and 1489. This Walter, we apprehend, was the father of the two following brothers, 'who were born in the reign 'of king Henry the seventh.'—First

Walter Kyrle, the elder, and heir of the Hill, whose only daughter, Alice, married Christopher Clarke, whose heir was Richard Clarke, and his heir Richard Clarke. From this Richard was descended a third Richard, the father of Joseph Clarke, esq. who married the daughter of Sir John Hoskins, of Harewood, in the same county, and by her was the father of Richard, John, and Stephen; Alicia, Jane, and Mary,—no one of whom was ever married, and Jane only then living, (whose attentions to the printer will be noticed under Walford),—Secondly,

James Kyrle, the younger of these two brothers, who had Walford Court, which has continued in the family down to the present day.

[We will proceed to the Grandfather of the Man of Ross.]

James Kyrle, of Walford Court, was a Justice of the Peace, High Sheriff of the county in 1629, and married Anne, daughter of Robert Waller, of Beaconsfield,* by whom he had seven sons and four daughters.

* Mrs. Waller, mother of Mrs. James Kyrle, was sister to John Hampden,—and mother of Edmund Waller, the poet.

Robert,

Robert, his eldest son, of Walford Court, had two wives, 1st, a daughter of Sir Henry Maxey, of Broadwell hall, in Essex, by whom he had no issue;—and 2dly, to --- daughter of John Brain, of Little Dean, Glocestershire, by whom he had James Kyrle, an only son (aged 16, 1683), and two daughters, Elizabeth and Mary.

Walter, the second son, *and father of the Man of Ross*, was a Barister at Law, and Justice of the Peace. He lived at Ross, and died the 10th of February 1650.

He married Alice, daughter and sole heir of John Mallet, of Berkley, Glocestershire. She was first married to Walter Carwardine, of Carwardine green, in Herefordshire, Barister at Law;—2dly, to Giles Wintour, of Coleford, Glocestershire;—and 3dly to Walter Kyrle. She died the 24th of March 1662.

He had two sons, John and Walter:

JOHN, "THE MAN OF ROSS,"

Born at the White House, in the parish of Dymock, in the county of Hereford, in May 1637; christened the 4th of June, and died at Ross, November 7, 1724.

A variety of interesting particulars, resulting from this pedigree, relating to the "Man of Ross" and his successors, will be given in future pages, as we proceed on with this work.

POPE'S LINES

ON

"THE MAN OF ROSS."

* *P.* "But all our praises why should Lords engross?
"Rise, honest Muse, and sing the MAN OF ROSS!
"Pleas'd Vaga echoes † thro' her winding bounds,
"And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds. ‡
"Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
"From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
"Not to the skies in useless columns toss'd,
"Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
"But clear and artless, pouring thro' the plain
"Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
"Whose Causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
"Whose Seats the weary traveller repose?

* By the letters P. and B. at the beginning of the paragraphs, it should be understood, that the poem is a kind of dialogue between the poet and his friend Lord Bathurst.

† This discrimination of the character of the two rivers, is compatible with the Poet's good sense. The lofty banks and mazy course of the Wye are the circumstances from whence its beauty arises. It could not well ECHO unless its banks were both lofty and winding. The Severn, influenced by high and rapid tides, is kept in a perpetual state of uproar and agitation, which conveys to the mind ideas of the most striking contrast.

‡ In the MS. of this poem, instead of the couplet beginning with "Pleas'd Vaga," &c.—it stood thus:

"Trace humble worth beyond Sabrina's shore;
"Who sings not him, oh may he sing no more."

"Who

POPE'S LINES.

" Who taught that heav'n-directed Spire to rise?
" The Man of Ross,"—each lisping babe replies.
" Behold the Market-place with poor o'erspread!
" The Man of Ross" divides the weekly bread:
" He feeds yon almshouse neat, but void of state,
" Where age and want sit smiling at the gate;
" Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans bless'd,
" The young who labour, and the old who rest.
" Is any sick? " The Man of Ross" relieves,
" Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes and gives.
" Is there a variance, enter but his door,
" Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
" Despairing Quacks with curses fled the place,
" And vile Attornies, now an useless race.

B. " Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
" What all so wish, but want the pow'r to do!
" Oh say, what sums that gen'rous hand supply?
" What mines to swell that boundless charity?

P. " Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
" This man possess'd—*five hundred pounds a year!*
" Blush, Grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw
" your blaze!
" Ye little Stars, hide your diminish'd rays!

B. " And what! no monument, inscription, stone!
" His race, his form, his name, almost unknown?

P. " Who builds a Church to God, and not to Fame,
" Will never mark the marble with his name.

Moral Essays, Epistle III. line 249.

DR. JOHNSON's

REMARKS

ON THE PRECEDING LINES BY

MR. POPE.

" Into this poem [meaning the Epistle to Lord " Bathurst] some hints are historically thrown, and " some known characters are introduced, with others " of which it is difficult to say how far they are real or " fictitious; but the praise of KYRL, the *Man of Ross*, " deserves particular examination, who, after a long " and pompous enumeration of his public works and " private charities, is said to have diffused all those " blessings from *five hundred a year*. Wonders are wil- " ingly told, and willingly heard. The truth is, that " KYRL was a man of known integrity and active bene- " volence, by whose solicitation the wealthy were per- " suaded to pay contributions to his charitable schemes: " this influence he obtained by an example of liberality " exerted to the utmost extent of his power, and was " thus enabled to give more than he had. This account " Mr. Victor received from the Minister of the place, " and I have preserved it, that the praise of a good " man, being made more credible, may be more solid. " Narrations of romantic and impracticable virtue will " be read with wonder, but that which is unattainable is " recommended in vain; that good may be endea- " voured, it must be shewn to be possible."

Life of Pope, vol. iv. p. 111-2.

INTE-

INTERESTING PARTICULARS

RELATING TO THE

MAN OF ROSS;

COMMUNICATED, BY MRS. PROSSER,* TO C. HEATH.

HIS PORTRAIT.

A CHARACTER so much beloved could not fail to excite a wish among his friends, to perpetuate his memory by the skill of the painter; yet, such was his modesty, that no inducement, tho' often solicited, could prevail with him to sit for his portrait. But some gentlemen of Ross being determined on possessing his likeness, engaged an artist from London, who sketched it while he sate at Church, attending divine worship on a Sunday.

* Mr. Vandervort Kyrle's only daughter (Elizabeth) married a respectable country gentleman, who lived near Ross, whose name was Weale, by whom she had issue two daughters,—one of whom was my informant, Mrs. Prosser; the other married a person of the name of Flack; who some time ago kept an Inn, in Wiltshire, but now resides in Bath.

These particulars respecting Mr. Kyrle, were communicated to the writer personally, at her own house, on Friday the 10th of June 1796, and expressed with great cheerfulness of spirit and manners, though she was then in her 82d year, and had been up nearly the whole of every night that week, through the business of the Herefordshire General Election. Many other circumstances might have been obtained, if her life had been prolonged but a few days. Going to Ross to request further particulars in the following week, I found she had been seized with a paralytic stroke on Tuesday, of which she died on the Wednesday evening.

It

It is an half length, 2½ feet high by 2 feet wide, and is said to be valuable for its likeness, tho' condemned by the connoisseur as a mere daubing. Mr. Walter Kyrle, Mr. V. Kyrle's second son, and who died in 1775, I was told by Mrs. Prosser, who lived with him, was said to have been the very image of the Man of Ross in his countenance.

There were TWO pictures; one at Mr. Wall's,* the King's Arms Inn,—the other, at Mrs. Prosser's, † the King's Head Inn; but when Mr. Wall removed, in 1795, from Ross to the Swan Inn, Tewkesbury, he made the Man of Ross a companion in his journey, to the great regret of his successor, and disappointment of many of his travelling customers.

That they were done by the same artist, must have appeared evident to every person who has viewed them. Mrs. Prosser said, that in her possession was given to Mr. Walter Kyrle by the person who drew it; and left to her by Mr. Walter Kyrle. Indeed, they are so near

* From Tewksbury the Picture was removed, with Mr. Wall, to the Talbot Inn, Shrewsbury. In the Summer of 1801, Mark Sykes, esq. of Strettington Hall, near Malton, in Yorkshire, told me (at Monmouth), that he had purchased the Picture of Mr. Wall, for thirteen guineas, and that he expected to find it at Strettington Hall on his return home. The Picture is most justly the property of John Stratford Collins, esq. of Ross, being always considered as a Heir Loom by the respective tenants of the house, till Mr. Wall claimed it as his own,—and though he asked Mr. George, his successor, a heavy sum for it, the writer has been told, that it was not included in the inventory of goods purchased by Mr. Wall,—of course, he had no right to remove it.

† The Inn is now kept by Mrs. Howells, in whose possession the Picture of the "Man of Ross" remains; and where it is open at all times for the inspection of such travellers as chuse to view it.

alike,

alike, that, but for this being fresher than Mr. Wall's, it would be impossible to distinguish one from the other.

He is drawn in a loose morning gown, or robe de chambre, his cravat hanging down below his chest, after the fashion of King William IIId's time. The hair of the wig is parted at the top, and combed down close to the ears, below which it hangs. Our modern beaux lately introduced such an imitation. There is something extremely calm and placid in his countenance, corresponding with his benevolent mind. I have been told, his features were what is deemed rather harsh than otherwise.

ANOTHER PORTRAIT,

THE PROPERTY OF PHILIP JONES ESQ. ROSS.

It is not possible to form any just opinion of Mr. Kyrle's features from either of these portraits; that in Mr. Jones's family being drawn when he was a young man about 22 or 23 years of age,—the other at the King's Head Inn, at the decline of his life. They are both half lengths, but the former is a side face,—the latter a front face. In Mr. Jones's, there is a great sternness of countenance, and his own dark hair, which hangs loose, and covers most of his forehead, conveys an idea the reverse of benevolence. Mr. Ireland says, it is evidently the work of Sir Peter Lely,—on the authority of his own judgment; but Mrs. Prosser assured the writer, that he constantly resisted the strongest soli-

citations of his best friends for that purpose, and that they obtained it only by the means she mentions. Others again say, that Lord Muncaster has the original picture, and that the portraits at the King's Head and Mr. Wall's are only copies from it. How far these opinions are true or false, he leaves to the reader's good sense to determine.

By the kind permission of Philip Jones, Esq. this picture is now at Mr. Roberts's, Bookseller, Ross, where it may be inspected. It is in the finest preservation.

HIS RING.

Mr. Kyrle usually wore a ring with a peculiar device. It was a small ruby set in gold; but on touching the point of the stone, it opened, and emitted the head of a snake hissing, and its tongue out. This RING is in the possession of Mrs. FLACK (Mrs. Prossers sister), who now resides in BATH.

POCKET BOOK.

The only article Mrs. Prosser once retained in her possession, belonging to the Man of Ross, besides his Picture, was his Pocket Book. This contained (noted by himself) the method of spending his time, his journies, expences, and other memorandums: but, unfortunately, trusting it to her son Mr. James Prosser, who carried it about, he lost it from his pocket, or it would have been lent to the writer for the purposes of this publication.

FURTHER INTERESTING PARTICULARS

RELATING TO THE

MAN OF ROSS;

Communicated to C. Heath, by William Dobbs, a respectable old Man, eighty-four Years of Age, who had known Mr. Kyrle when living.

IT is not particularly necessary to appropriate Mr. Pope's praise line by line,—the whole of Dobbs's information will be given, as the Writer received it from his mouth, in a general detail; leaving the Reader to make what comment he pleases, and form his own opinion;—attaching to himself the fidelity of the report.

William said, he was then eighty-four, so that he was twelve years old when Mr. John Kyrle died, and that he remembered him perfectly well.

Examination and Comparison of the Portrait.

BEING at the King's Head Inn, where the portrait is placed, we walked up stairs to examine its resemblance. William says, the eyes and nose are much like the original, but the cheeks in the picture are not so full. Also, that the wig he wore was a short cut wig,* bushy behind, not so full on the sides as it is there represented. The parting of the hair at the top, and the mode in which he wore his cravat, are described with exactness.

* An Artist, who accompanied me to Ross to inspect the portrait, was of opinion, "That though there might be some small shades of difference with respect to the fullness of the cheek, and the fashion of the wig, as declared by William Dobbs,—yet there is that character which marks it as a likeness of the person for whom it was taken."

Stature, and Dress.

Mr. Kyrle was full 5 feet 10 inches, if not 6 feet high; strong and lusty made, jolly and ruddy in the face, with a large nose. William confirms the assertion, respecting the plainness of his dress, which was a dark brown suit, all the same colour. Mrs. Clarke, of the Hill, admits the truth of this remark, she having often dined with Mr. Kyrle, at her brother's table, at the house she then lived in. To use her own words,—"he "was quite a plain country gentleman."

Employments and usual Method of spending his Time.

Mr. Kyrle was a man that took little or no delight in what the world calls company. All his pleasures seemed centred in executing or promoting some present good or future advantage. Buying and planting young trees, laying out walks, and such parts of ornamental gardening, were the employments of his later years, to which Dobbs refers. And when his own estate did not claim his attention, he would ask permission to render service, of a like kind, to his neighbours. With a spade on his shoulder, and a glass bottle of liquor in his hand, he used to walk from his house (late the King's Arms), to his fields, and back again, several times every day; and was always assisted by two or three, and sometimes more workmen,* according as circumstances required less or additional aid. I have seen him, he says, thus accoutred, and at work, an hundred times.

* Mr. Kyrle mentions these men in his will, to each of whom he leaves the sum of two pounds. Their names were Thomas Bevan, William Digwood, Thomas Jowhir, and John Rufford. William Dobbs knew them all, and remarked to me, of the latter labourer, that he went by the name of "Mad Rufford," from his impetuous temper.

Anec-

*Anecdote, related to me by a Friend.**

A theatrical company having obtained permission to perform in Ross, Mr. Kyrle was induced to attend an evening's representation. When the hour arrived, he went to the house, handsomely dressed, and asked the door-keeper what was the price of admission? who, judging by the appearance of Mr. Kyrle, that he was a person of fortune, informed him, half a crown. Ods bud, ods bud, replied Mr. Kyrle, that is too much, and went away home. He then changed his dress, and, putting on the cloaths he usually wore in the fields, repaired a second time to the theatre, when, on asking the same question, he was answered, 'only sixpence for a farmer;' this he immediately paid, and went in. As soon as he entered, the audience, who knew him, rose from their seats, and made room for Mr. Kyrle to take the place he best chose,—but instead of accepting the accommodation, he remained at the back part of the theatre, desiring the company to be seated, for 'he never had got two shillings so soon in his life.'

William's mother kept a very large school in a house adjoining the churchyard in Ross, which Mr. Kyrle often visited every week, for the purpose of enquiring what children were objects of encouragement, and what

* The late Mr. John Taynton of Ross, whose ancestors, from whom he received it, had often enjoyed a hearty laugh on the relation. Among the many kind contributors to this work, no one took a more lively interest in its success than my friend Mr. Taynton, who seldom saw or wrote to me, without endeavouring to increase the value of these notices of the Man of Ross. Gratitude claims my public declaration of esteem for his memory,—and tho' he possessed neither "title, wealth, or power," such were his blameless manners, added to his spotless character, that he retired to the grave crowned with the prayers of every honest mind in the place of his residence.

of

of reproof; those who deserved censure he would *roar* at [having a very strong and rough voice] and exclaim, "ods bud, ods bud, but he would mend them."

"*Who hung with* WOODS? *&c.*

On the South side of the Church is laid down, through the estate which belonged to Mr. Kyrle, a neat gravel path, which still retains the name of the person who formed it; and runs parallel with the course of the Wye. Towards the middle it is carried nearer to the edge of a rocky eminence, partially clothed with underwood, and shaded with beech and other timber in a thriving state. The trees planted by Mr. Kyrle, which had grown to a very fine and large size, have since his death been cut down. At the extremity of this Walk is placed a

SUMMER HOUSE,

Which affords an agreeable retreat, as well as a pleasing view of the river and country. Over the door is a landscape, from the side of which issues, out of the clouds, a man's hand (a whimsical idea), the fore-finger pointing to a wood opposite. A Latin inscription (now defaced) was added underneath, claiming the visitor's attention to the hand which planted it. This painting was affixed by Mr. Newman, at that time a Surgeon in Ross, who rented the Summer House of the proprietor. The building is now going to decay, and is not open to public inspection: but the visitor will not regret his walk if he cannot enter it; especially if, like the writer, he calls to mind, "That he treads a spot of ground, "the Virtues of whose owner the Muse of Pope has "rendered Immortal."

It

It is in extent about a mile: and (which is very pleasant), white gates conduct the stranger thro' it, without the help of enquiry. The fields form the farm of the Proprietor, Philip Jones, Esq.

This is the only place to which the Poet's Line can, with truth, be applied: because the fine woods on the left are, and were before Mr. Kyrle's time, the property of another family. Mr. Merrick, in his description of Bollitree, stiles them "*Proud Penyard's Woods*," an epithet which their lofty situation and grand appearance justly deserve.

[*By Mrs. CLARKE.*]

Tho' this pleasure house is generally supposed to have been built by the Man of Ross, Mrs. Clarke was of a different opinion. She informed the writer, that Mr. Vandervort Kyrle erected it, after the sale of some Woods at DYMOCK: and that he placed the picture over the door there. The finger, as before observed, points to a Wood opposite; and the MOTTO (now defaced, which was SI NON TIBI, NON IBI,—"had it not been for thee [the Woods] you [the Summer House] had not been there"), is a proof of the correctness of her information.*

* Dymock wood, estimated to be worth one hundred pounds a year at that day, was sold by Mr. Vandervort Kyrle and son. By the Man of Ross's Will, he directs, "the "better to enable Mr. Vandervort Kyrle to discharge my debts, legacies, and funeral "expences, I do hereby order and direct, that the next monies that shall or may be "raised by the next fallage of my said wood, called Dymock's wood, shall be applied "for that purpose, in aid of my personal estate." Hence we may infer, that from its produce, this building was erected by Mr. John Kyrle's heir, agreeable to the opinion of the above lady.

"*Whose*

" *Whose* SEATS *the weary traveller repose?*"

There is only ONE SEAT now remaining in the Walks; the rest have been wilfully destroyed by loose and idle people in passing thro' the grounds.* If accepted in any other sense, as Inns were not so numerous as they are at present, it must allude to the kind reception, and hospitable entertainment, which his goodness of heart induced him to shew the stranger who visited Ross.

" *From the dry* ROCK *who bade the* WATERS *flow?*"

At the West end of the churchyard is a field, enclosed with a brick wall, and called

THE PROSPECT,

for its beautiful situation: from whence you enjoy a charming view of the country, and particularly of the river, which meanders, both above and below the bridge, thro' meadows of the richest verdure. In the centre of this field was a FOUNTAIN, which supplied the near inhabitants with water; but from its becoming a receptacle for the carcases of dead animals, it was afterwards disused. William describes it as forming an oval of some extent, in proportion to its depth, which was near 8 feet, the sides secured with brick, and the bot-

* Mr. John Kyrle appears to have highly valued his labours in theſe ſcenes,—, from the following clauſe in his Will: " And in regard thereto, I have improved " my eſtate, by planting fruit and other trees, which are as well ornamental as bene- " ficial to the ſame, I do hereby order, direct, and deſire, that no wilful waſte or " deſtruction ſhall be committed thereon, by defacing or cutting down timber trees, " before they come to their perfection, or otherwiſe,—the ſame having been planted " by my great care and induſtry, for the improvement of the ſaid premiſes."

He would greatly ſorrow could he ſee them in their preſent ſtate.

tom

tom paved with fine square stones. He does not remember it when filled with water, but his father had often mentioned and described it to him. When a boy, he used to play at marbles in it, and at last they took the pavement away to rear the balls on, when they played at fives in the churchyard. It was filled up in the year 1794, so that its memory is preserved only by tradition.

The writer has been informed, that the reason for suffering the Fountain to be neglected, originated in the frequent bursting of the pipes, by throwing up the water such an amazing height, which occasioned infinite trouble and expence to keep them in repair. A better and more convenient method has since been adopted, for supplying the town with this necessary comfort of life. It is proper further to remark on the fountain (as Pope has not explained, by any Note, the place to which his Lines allude), that the ground it occupied, when viewed from the Wye meadows, is a 'soft sandy rock,' and perfectly reconcilable to his ideas.

On the West side of the close stands a very handsome SUN DIAL, on which Mr. Kyrle's Arms are engraved, and without doubt was placed there by him.

On the North and South sides are handsome gateways, both of which *were* surmounted also with his Arms, but those over the North door have either been taken down, or destroyed by the barbarous hands of ignorance: and under them is carved the year in which they were erected, 1700. Against the wall, at the N. W. corner, is the following

INSCRIPTION,

On a square plate of copper, relating to the extent of the enclosure, and distance from places mentioned.

	Anno Domini 1700.	*Yards.*
1	Once about this place, 10 feet from the wall, is	372
2	A statute, or post mile, is - -	1760
3	Five times about this place, is more than a mile, by - - - -	100
4	* * * * * * * * *	
5	From Ross Church to Weston Church, is -	4098
6	Which make two miles and a quarter and	138
7	Eleven times about this place, is short of Weston Church - - -	6
8	* * * * * * * * *	
9	From Ross Church to Brampton Church, by the One Mill, is - - -	2780
10	Which make a mile and a half and - -	140
11	Seven times about this place, is short of Brampton Church - - -	176
12	* * * * * * * * *	

At the bottom of the plate, on the left side, are Mr. Kyrle's arms; and on the right side, a cypher; between which is the laughable distich,

"*Trahit sua quemq: voluptas.*"

Every one has his hobby-horse.

Through Mr. Kyrle's means, a free passage to this place was obtained for all people, and for ever.

"*Whose*

"*Whose* CAUSEWAY *parts the vale with shady Rows?*"

The communication of Hereford and Monmouth with Ross, and towns beyond it, being liable to obstruction in time of floods, from the lowness of the road on the Ross side of Wilton bridge, it became an object of public attention to counteract their effects. Accordingly, Mr. Kyrle, (whose mind seemed ever awake to promote the public interest) procured a subscription, and accomplished the purpose, by building a noble Stone Causeway; so that the road is kept constantly open, except in cases of very extraordinary freshes, more than one or two of which seldom happen in the memory of man; and as the causeway is only passable in cases of necessity, it will long remain a monument of his zeal in promoting the interest and safety of the public at large. It is kept in repair by the commissioners of the turnpike roads. Mr. Kyrle planted a row of elms on each side of it, but since his death they have been cut down.

"*Who taught that* HEAV'N-DIRECTED SPIRE *to rise?*"

The Spire of Ross Church had been three times repaired in William's memory, twice thro' the accident of being blown down: and in 1790, to render it more secure. As the earliest misfortune happened about 1730, six years after Mr. Kyrle's death, he cannot appropriate the Poet's allusion, unless a similar fate attended it during Mr. Kyrle's life, which his public spirit caused to be restored to its former state.

THE ELM

Appears to have been the favorite tree with Mr. Kyrle, if we might judge from the preference he gave it in all

his plantations; for where-ever we turn our eyes, it marks his choice,—probably from the soil being peculiarly calculated for its growth. The fine rows on the East and West sides of the church were planted by him, and are, William believed, the only trees, *known to have been planted by him*, which the axe has suffered to remain. The other sides were equally ornamented by his taste, but have since been cut down by succeeding Rectors. Even in those rows which remain the number has been considerably lessened, nor does care seem to be taken to restore the loss.

Corps Cross field, above the turnpike leading to the Forest of Dean, was planted round with Elms by him; but the axe, since his death, visited them with premeditated intentions of violence, and laid their honours in the dust.

"*Behold the* MARKET-PLACE *with* POOR *o'erspread!*"

With respect to Mr. Kyrle's alms, and weekly distribution of charity, this seems to be the Poet's enlargement. As he saw no company at home, and kept but few domestic servants, the dispensations from his own table must have been limitted. William says, if any poor solicited relief at his door, he might give them food or money, but not that the Market-place was daily, or even weekly, filled with objects, who founded their claim on his liberality. He thinks (and properly), that they were confined to what are deemed *feastable times*, such as Easter, Whitsuntide, Christmas, and other grand festivals which our Church celebrates.

COM-

COMMUNICATED BY WM. WYRHALL, ESQ.

WHO FURNISHED THE PEDIGREE.

Mr. Kyrle was a man of frugal habits, in his general conduct of life; but ONE DAY in the week was always set apart for the reception of his relations. His family and connexions forming a very large circle,—on Thursday (Market-day at Ross), such as attended always made a point of dining at his house. No particular display of good living was exhibited on these occasions, but an hospitable table was always spread before his guests, to which they resorted without ceremony,—the invitation being general throughout the year.

"*He feeds yon* ALMS-HOUSE."

The Alms-house was founded by the Westfalling family, near Ross. William says Mr. Kyrle took no notice of the endowment, or its possessors. We must therefore attribute the praise to wrong information, for my narrator would have known something of such benevolence, if it had been shewn to the objects here mentioned.

I enquired of William,—if, when a boy, he had been noticed by any act of Mr. Kyrle's kindness? to which he replied in the negative, excepting the instance of a loose copper coin, to buy him a cake, or fruit in the season:

"*Is there a variance? enter but his door,*
"*Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.*"

To this remark of Mr. Pope, I am enabled to lay before the reader the following memorandum:

Mr. Walter

Mr. Walter Roberts,

Pray cause an appearance to be entered for me in his Majesties High Court of Chancery, at the suit of Duncomb Pyrke, and others, for which this shall be your sufficient warrant, as witness my hand this 27th day of June 1721.

JOHN KYRLE.

Teſt. William Dobles.

[Endorsed on the back, " 27th June 1721, Mr. Kyrle's order for Mr. " Roberts to appear for him in court, adv. Pyrke and others."]

This memorandum is written on a small piece of paper, by Mr. William Dobles, by whom it is witnessed, but signed by the " Man of Ross."

In addition to the above (tho' not connected with the subject), I have the following acknowledgment:

October the 11*th*, 1721.

I Hereby own and acknowledge that the day and year before mention'd the Revd. Mr. Reginald Aubrey, Vicar of Foy in the County of Hereford, stated his Accounts with me, and I doe hereby give a General Discharge to the said Reginal Aubrey of all Debts, Dues, or Demands whatsoever, in Witness whereof I have hereunto sett my Hand the Day and Year above written.

JOHN KYRLE.

Witnesses hereto. Judith Bubb. Thomas Woore.

Mr. Kyrle once wrote a very fine hand, but these little documents are signed towards the close of his life, when his hand grew weak and tremulous. Judith Bubb was his relation and housekeeper,—Thos. Woore was his servant,

servant. They were given to me by my friend, Mr. William Hooper, attorney, Ross,—whose kindness not only for the success of this work, but also in every other instance in which he could promote the writer's interest, has been shewn for many years with the purest and most active liberality.

"*This man possess*'d FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS A YEAR."

Mr. Kyrle's estate was estimated at three hundred pounds a year in HIS lifetime, as the writer hath been informed; but if valued as landed property is NOW let, it would produce near a thousand per annum.

MR. KYRLE's

DEATH,

LYING IN STATE, AND FUNERAL.

☞ Having appropriated the Praise of Mr. Pope, as far as Dobbs's knowledge and the Writer's own Observations would enable him, he proceeds to lay before the Reader the particulars of Mr. Kyrle's Death, and also of the Family who succeeded to his Estate.

WITH a constitution naturally good, and a life passed in the regular enjoyment of pleasures, drawn from the calmest, purest, and sweetest sources, we trace him to an extent of years, beyond the general lot of mankind.

Mr. Kyrle lay ill about a fortnight before he died, but not with any particular visitation of Providence,—it was a gradual decay of Nature.

Soon

Soon after his death was made public, the BODY LAY IN STATE, at his own house, for NINE DAYS. DOBBS thus describes the ceremony. The room appropriated for its reception was the parlour, on the right hand side of what was the kitchen; which was hung with black cloth, and lighted with wax. The corpse was placed in the centre, covered with a black velvet pall, and at each end of the coffin was placed a mute; but no person was permitted to approach very near,—or to lift up the pall, to see in what wood or substance the body was inclosed. People came from all parts, both far and near, to view him lie in state,—never having heard of or seen such a ceremony before in their lives.* He could not justly call to mind in what manner his remains were conveyed to the grave, but believed on men's shoulders. Public respect continued its attention to the very last moment—the church as well as the chancel being filled with spectators. "William was there pre-"sent in the chancel, and heard the Service read over "him, which was performed by the Reverend Dr. "MORGAN, then Rector of Ross."

Public Opinion of Mr. Kyrle's Character after his Death.

On enquiry, if the inhabitants expressed their esteem, by going into mourning, he observed, "That the town "did not manifest its regret, by any external mark, or "change of dress, but lamented in a general strain of "sorrow, that it would never again see so good a "man!"

* Several friends in Ross have confirmed the truth of this intelligence. They assured the writer, that (such was the novelty of these funeral rites) many of their ancestors came more than twenty miles, to witness this last tribute of respect to Mr. Kyrle.

And,

And what! no MONUMENT, INSCRIPTION, STONE!

Mr. Kyrle being buried near the Altar, it was necessary immediately to relay the pavement which had been taken up for his interment, on account of keeping the chancel in proper order against the time of administring the Sacrament. And as the present stone which covers his remains was not laid down till a year after his death, the Poet might be allowed, with reason, to express his surprise at such neglect of his memory, when his actions, while living, had been marked as "an epitome of the moral virtues."

SUCCESSORS

TO THE

"MAN OF ROSS."

MR. Walter Kyrle (the Man of Ross's brother), being born an *ideot*,—and Mr. John Kyrle dying a batchelor, he left his estate to his nearest relation,

MR. VANDERVORT KYRLE,*

AND HIS HEIRS MALE.

* His Will bears date the 11th day of August 1721, wherein he is called "his "esteemed and well-beloved kinsman, son of Thomas Kyrle, of the kingdom of "Ireland, gent." The inhabitants of Ross thought him his Cousin. By the pedigree, he appears to have been a descendant of "Sir James Kyrle, of the kingdom of Ireland, knt." (fifth son of Thomas of Walford Court), who was twice married, had issue by each marriage, and was living in 1683.

By his marriage with Frances, "daughter and heir "of Edward Jones, late of the city of Hereford, con- "fectioner, deceased," he had two sons, Robert and "Walter, and a daughter, Elizabeth. On the demise of the father, the estate was left to his eldest son and his heirs male. He dying issueless, then to Walter and his heirs male; but on the failing of male issue in him, then to the heirs, *male or female*, of Elizabeth, married to Mr. John Weale, of Ockington, in the county of Hereford. But, from a flaw in the will, Mr. Robert Kyrle cut off the intail,* and made it a jointure to his wife and daughter, whose descendants now enjoy it.

By marriage of Sarah, the female heir of Mr. Robert Kyrle, with Mr. William Hutcheson, who had an only daughter, Ann, married to

PHILIP JONES, ESQ. ROSS,

The Kyrle estates are now become his property.

Mr. Vandervort Kyrle enjoyed the estate but three years, and with him died his memory.

To him succeeded his eldest son Robert. He lived single for some time, then went to Bristol, where he married and settled, and never after made Ross his

* Reasons, assigned by Mrs. CLARKE, of the Hill, which enabled Mr. ROBERT KYRLE to cut off the INTAIL.

Communicated personally by Mrs. CLARKE to C. HEATH.

"A great part of the Man of Ross's estates were COPYHOLD:—these he should "have passed in Court, for the purposes of his WILL, at the time he settled his in- "tentions, according to the Custom of the Manor. By neglect of this form, Mr. "Robert Kyrle's family became possessed of them for ever."

resi-

residence for a longer time than a visit;—but whom or what the lady's name was, William Dobbs never heard mention.

Mr. Walter Kyrle then became tenant to the house, but being a single man, he let it to his neighbour, Mr. Joseph Prosser, who kept a sadler's shop adjoining on the left hand. Mr. Prosser immediately converted it into an Inn, and gave it the name of

THE KING's ARMS,

for which purpose it long continued, with the *moment*o, added by a succeeding landlord,

"THE MAN *of* ROSS's" HOUSE.

Mr. Prosser lived in it only four years; during which time Mr. Walter Kyrle boarded with him, and when Mr. Prosser died married his widow. Mr. Walter Kyrle continued the Inn for some time from his marriage; but afterwards left it, and let it to another person, and retired to live in Old Town street, where he ended his days.

It appears, that the Man of Ross was very desirous for the continuance of his NAME,—for, by his will, he decrees, in the event of the failure of issue male, the person marrying into the female line should always take and use that of KYRLE,—but in this gentleman terminated the male issue of the family.

++++++++++

Part of the garden belonging to the house, was converted into a bowling-green by Mr. Walter Kyrle. The Man of Ross took great delight in horticulture, and kept his garden in fine order. Had he been living (says my narrator, shaking his head), "it would never "have been made a bowling-green.

The house continued for many years as an Inn,—till it proving an unsuccessful concern to the last occupier, it was finally closed as a place of public accommodation, and has since become the residence of John Stratford Collins, esq. who owns the property, by purchase of it from the late Mr. Kyrle Hutchenson.

The stables and out-buildings have lately been converted into shambles and other useful purposes for the public market day,

"DESPAIRING QUACKS *with curses fled the place,*
"*And* VILE ATTORNIES, *now an useless race.*"

The Man of Ross being (in the language of Shakespear) called to

"That bourn from whence no traveller returns,"

the inhabitants, with the liberality of true patriots, have recalled to their respective residences the Sons of LAW and PHYSIC, whom the POET in his anger had consigned to banishment; who, despising the hasty epithets attached to their Professions, as not applicable to their characters, add an ornament, as well as public good, to the society of the town of which they are now members.

LINES,

LINES,

WRITTEN AT

THE KING's ARMS, ROSS,

FORMERLY THE HOUSE OF THE

MAN OF ROSS.

HERE dwelt the "Man of Ross!" O Traveller, hear,
Departed Merit claims a reverent tear!
Friend to the friendless, to the sick man health,
With gen'rous joy he view'd his modest wealth;
He heard the widow's heav'n-breath'd prayer of praise!
He mark'd the shelter'd orphan's tearful gaze!
And, o'er the dowry'd virgin's snowy cheek,
Bade bridal love suffuse its blushes meek!
Beneath this roof, if thy cheer'd moments pass,
Fill to the Good Man's Name one grateful Glass!
To higher zest shall MEMORY wake thy soul,
And VIRTUE mingle in th' ennobled bowl.
But if, like me, thro' life's distressful scene,
Lonely and sad thy pilgrimage hath been;
And if, thy breast with heart-sick anguish fraught,
Thou journiest onward tempest-tost in thought,
Here cheat thy cares, in gen'rous visions melt,
And dream of Goodness thou hast never felt.

THE FOLLOWING

LETTER,

WRITTEN BY THE MAN OF ROSS,

The Original of which is in my Possession,

Was given to me by Philip Meakins Hardwick, esq. of Monmouth, as a mark of his good wishes for the interest of these pages.

I Lately undertood that you were inform'd that I did speake scurrilous words reflecting on you, at which I was very much surpris'd, knowing that twas much against my thoughts and inclination so to doe. I could not imagin from whence such report should proceed; at length I call'd to mind that some gentlemen dining with me (amongst other discourse) it was talk't of some that had good estates and did not make use of them; and I remember I sed, that I knew no difference between a man of an estate that still made it his business to be richer and richer, or a man of a smaller estate and made use of it, or words to this purpose: and I remember we had afterwards some occasions of speaking of you, but cannot say, or think that this discourse was applied to you; but take it that it was, I am sure I spoak no hurt, for I think I should do very ill to speak against one that did not deserve it of me, especially against yourself, from whom I have received kindnesses; and then again, if I should be so base as to raile at you undeservedly behind your back, certainly I had been a mad man so to doe in presence of a person that I very well knew was like to be neare related to you; so I am sure that if the report that was given you was any more then as before mention'd, certainly the little Spark on the top of the Hill,

Hill invented it himselfe (as by report he is good at) which I will justifie. If Merchant Pye had been alive and I had said so much of him, he had but laught at it, and me, for talking so prodigally, in running doown good husbandry, which he lov'd; for he often sed, that he would have every one that sold his estate after to be hang'd; therefore pray do not harbour any thing against me on this account, for on my salvation there is nothing in it, being I did alwaies desire appear

Your Friend, and humble Servant,

John Kyrle.

Ross this 7th of February 1705.

ADDRESSED ON THE FOLD,

For Mr. George Scudamore,
at Blackbrooke,
these
Monmouthshire.

The letter is written in a very good character, and, considering the lapse of time, is in fine preservation.

On shewing this letter to a gentleman of taste and fortune from Bath,—with another, written to me by the *Immortal Hero of the Nile*, thanking me for what his Lordship was pleased to deem "*my Attentions to him and his Friends when at Monmouth*, he declared himself so much gratified by the perusal, as alone to reward him for the journey, had it not been accompanied with any other pleasure. The owner considers them above all pecuniary value.

M R.

MR. KYRLE's CHAIR.

A CURIOUS CHAIR is preserved in Ross, said to be that which Mr. Kyrle sat in when he retired to the Summer house, before mentioned; but as it remains a matter of doubt, whether or not he erected the building, the reader will attach what credit to it he pleases. The following is its history:

At the time this place was rented by Mr. Newman, a Benefit Club was establishing at Mr. TAYNTON'S, the FOUNTAIN, in ROSS; who, considering the members, in their corporate capacity, as employed in the same benevolent actions as its former owner, made a present of it to the society.

To attempt a description would far exceed the abilities of the writer; nor does he think any chair-maker could do it justice, unless he called some artist from the shades of Westminster Abbey, to aid his explanation.

Whether it wanted a cushion, to render the seat easy, or some other inducement,—the gift was not regarded in the most favourable light, for in a short time after it was turned out of the club room, being considered as a piece of lumber, in which neglected state it lay for some years, and was at last ordered to be burnt. But two succeeding stewards wishing to preserve it, caused it to be painted; and further to bespeak the purposes for which

which it was intended, a cabinet-maker formed a crescent, or circular moulding, for the top, on which has been painted

"ROSS FRIENDLY SOCIETY."

It now occupies the upper end of a spacious clubroom, at the Nag's Head inn, and is claimed by the president as his seat during the hours of meeting. It stands five feet two inches high, the pinacle included, is two feet nine inches broad, and is worthy the traveller's notice, as a curious specimen of the furniture of that day.

DESCRIPTION OF A LARGE

SILVER TANKARD,

GIVEN TO BALIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD, BY THE

"MAN OF ROSS."

A Visit to Oxford enabled me to inspect this present to Baliol College,—of which I was informed by Mr. Wyrhall, who furnished me with the family pedigree. It is composed intirely of massy silver,—weighing five pounds one ounce; contains five pints of liquor, and stands ten inches high;—the body is supported by three feet, each bearing the figure of a lion couchant, the handle formed by the figure of a dolphin, and the cover lifted up by Mr. Kyrle's crest, a large hedgehog. On the top of the cover is engraved the Arms of Baliol college; in the centre of the body, the Arms of the donor; above which is the following inscription:

"POCULUM CHARITATIS."

Underneath them is this Memorandum:

"*Ex dono Johannis Kyrle, de Rosse, in agro Herefordiens. et hujus Collegii Socio Commensalis.*"

[The Gift of John Kyrle, of Ross, in the County of Hereford, Gentleman Commoner of this Society.]

It is placed under the care of the butler to the college, who said, it was always produced at table when any native of Herefordshire favored the society with their company. The engraver has been guilty of a great omission, by neglecting to insert the date of the year in which it was presented.

ROSS CHURCH.

THE Church of Ross is situated on the south-west side of the town; and from occupying such a commanding eminence, it becomes an interesting object to the surrounding country. The churchyard is nearly an acre of ground in extent (which the church divides in the centre) enclosed within a brick wall, and round it is a spacious gravel walk, the four sides of which are planted with elms, by the hands of the Man of Ross,—but owing to their decayed state, many of them have been cut down, to prevent injury by their falling. Its towering spire rising among these fine trees, gives it a peculiarly elegant and picturesque appearance.

It

ROSS CHURCH.

It consists of a nave and two side isles, with a lofty vaulted and ceiled roof (supported by four well proportioned doric pillars), besides the chancel, measuring fifty yards long by thirty wide, and possesses, from its neatness and monumental record, a claim to the stranger's notice.

MR. KYRLE's MONUMENT,

AGAINST THE NORTH WALL OF THE CHANCEL.

Mr. POPE has added the following Note to his Lines on Mr. KYRLE: "The person here celebrated, who "with a small estate actually performed all these good "works, and whose true name was almost lost (partly "by the title of the Man of Ross, given him by way of "eminence, and partly by being buried without so "much as an Inscription) was called Mr. John Kyrle. "He died in the year 1724, aged 90, and lyes interred "in the chancel of Ross church, in the county of "Hereford."

If the Writer cannot confirm the assertion of Mr. POPE, that he was buried

"*Without a* MONUMENT, INSCRIPTION, STONE!"

it was not till the year 1776 that a proper tribute of respect was paid to his memory; at which time, Lady BETTY DUPLIN left a sum of money, chargeable on her estates, now the property of W. Money, esq. for that purpose: in consequence of which, a very handsome monument was in that year erected, against the north wall of the chancel, the workmanship of Mr. Marsh, Statuary, in Bristol.

It is of a pyramidical form; the tablet of black, the upper part of beautiful variegated marble. At the top is a fine bust, in relievo, of Mr. Kyrle; below it, three figures also in the same taste, that on the left hand holding a cornucopia reversed; which may be the symbol of Benevolence, or Charirity dispensing Plenty: at the bottom are his arms, with the motto "VIRTUTE ET FIDE."

On the Tablet is this simple Inscription, in gold letters:

This
MONUMENT
was Erected
in Memory of
MR. JOHN KYRLE,
commonly called
The *MAN* of *ROSS*.

Very considerable doubts are entertained in Ross, respecting the truth or fallacy of Mr. POPE's remark, viz. "That Mr. Kyrle was buried without the least "memorial being placed over his remains." Mr. Delahay, the present Clerk, says, that his predecessor Mr. Hardwick informed him (and no person's testimony would be received with greater respect, not only from filling a responsible situation in the town himself, but because his father was a native of Ross,—resided in it all his life,—knew Mr. Kyrle perfectly well,—and had related to his son many anecdotes respecting him),—that the only monumental record to Mr. Kyrle's memory was A FLAT STONE, with the INITIALS OF HIS NAME. William Dobbs, who was present at the conversation, and

and whose advanced age [84] as well as having spent his life in Ross, intitles him to equal credit, persisted in his former declaration. An opinion in favor of Mr. Hardwick's information was declared by a friend, because the sharpness of the chisel, and form of the letters, are convincing marks that they are of the date of very late years.

The writer bows with deference to superior judgment, —but adds, That though there is an appearance of uniformity in the Inscription, it ought not to lead to an actual decision, because Mr. James Prosser of the King's Head, ordered to be added, at his own expence, the name of Mrs. Weale,

From the Bust which surmounts this inscription, the writer is of opinion, that a much juster idea may be formed of Mr. Kyrle's countenance, than from any of the Pictures before mentioned, if Mr. Marsh took the cast from any authority then in being; which is more than we at present know of.

The statuary (who was living when this work was put to press), was a native of Ross,—therefore we may reasonably suppose, as well from the respectable character who employed him, that the representation in question is not the creation of fancy.

The whole of the monument is in the finest preservtion.

The

ROSS CHURCH.

The following INSCRIPTION *is on the Stone under which the* KYRLE *family lie interred.*

John Kyrle, Esq. died Nov. 7, 1724, aged 88.
Vand. Kyrle, Esq. died October 5, 1727, aged 55.
Robert Kyrle, Esq, died March 13, 1736, aged 31.
Mrs. *Frances Kyrle*, died February 9, 1744, aged 67.
Mr. *Walter Kyrle*, died January 14, 1775, aged 70 years.
Mrs. *Elizabeth Weale*, died 23d March 1779, aged 75 years.

ARMS.—A chevron, between three fleur de lys,—a crescent of the second for a difference.—CREST, A hedgehog.

Over the Chancel door.

Sacred to the memory of JOHN NEWTON, professor of sacred theology, who immediately after the Restoration of King Charles (as a reward for his piety and loyalty), was appointed by the archbishop's commissary to the Vicarage of Ross, on the 27th of July 1660. Which Vicarage, on account of large returns being at that time required from this place, was exceedingly burthened and oppressed; Newton, therefore, tho' at first he stood alone, nobly devoted himself to its exigencies and relief;—finally obtaining this benefice, together with his chapels of Weston and Brampton, to be created and ordained Rectorial; which alteration was fully confirmed by law at Westminster 1671. In remembrance of whose benefactions, this table (Newton being buried exactly opposite this spot), is hung up, in the year of our Lord 1735. This liberal and skilful man departed this life the 24th of December 1678, aged 56 years.

[The printer deemed this Monument too honorable to be omitted.]

Against

ROSS CHURCH.

Against the South side of the chancel wall:

Monument of variegated marble,—on a white tablet:

ELIZABETHA
Hugonis Morgan Ecclesia hujus Rectoris Conjux
et Jacobi Edwards de Dilwyn, Gen. Filiæ et Hæres
Obiit Die Aug. XVI. A. D. M,DCC,LXXXIII,
Ætatis suæ XXV.

Virtutem sublatam ex occulis laudi prosequi
Solenne est. At vale Elizabetha tuumque
Nomen solummodo marmor hoc, commemoret,
Neque enim est ut possit eloqui par aliquid dignumque
Aut tui laudibus, aut mariti desiderio:
—Vale conjux carissima, amantissima!

Ah! quanto minus est cum cæteris versari quam tui meminisse!

ON AN URN;

Conjugi opt. de se meritæ ponendum curavit. H. M.

TRANSLATION;

Elizabeth, wife of Hugh Morgan, rector of this church, daughter and heiress of James Edwards, of Dilwyn, gent. died August 16, 1783, in the 25th year of her age.

To treat of worth immortal, snatch'd from mortal eyes,
Is the customary tribute of affection;
But!—farewell, my Elizabeth! and permit
This marble simply to record thy name!
For neither can it be that language holds
A pow'r sublimely equal to thy praise,
Or to thy husband's ever high esteem.
—Most lovely, most beloved, wife, farewell!
Ah, how supinely vain remaining joys,
When with the memory of thee compar'd!

At the upper end of the church, near the window which looks eastward, are very superb monuments, enclosed within iron rails, to the memory of the Rudhall family, of Rudhall, two miles distant to the north-east of Ross. The name is now extinct, but the estate is become the property of Philip Westfalling, esq. by marriage, and by taking upon him the family name.

On the left hand. Two whole length recumbent figures, male and female, resting on an altar tomb of white marble,—the man habited in the dress of a religious? (from his beads hanging down before him), the lady in the dress of the times, their hands in the attitude of prayer,—and on the sides of the tomb are subjects from the New Testament, with figures of the Apostles, &c the whole in fine preservation. In a recess of the wall, to which the foot of the monument adjoins, were placed some figures (now destroyed), as the desk before which they were praying still remains, and underneath are other effigies, kneeling, with the addition of their one son and seven daughters. At the top of the recess is a blue slaty stone, which bears the following Inscription, in capital letters:

Translation,—the original in Latin:

"William Rudhall, great grandson of the Sergeant at Law who lies near "here, begot of Margaret (the daughter of the right honorable James "Croft, knight, privy counsellor and comptroller of the household to "Queen Elizabeth), four sons and thirteen daughters;—two sons and "seven daughters survive him. With faith in God, affection towards the "ministers of the Divine Word, love to his country, charity to the poor, "and singular equity towards all, he piously lived, and tranquilly died, "the 21st of August 1709, in the 55th year of his age.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.

Above

Above the recess,—on the same stone, is a shield, with twelve different coats,—The *Crest*, a dexter hand couped at the wrist, grasping a bunch of tulips and roses.

In the wall, on the right of this monument, is a stone, recording branches of the same family.

On the right, and near the preceding:

On a slab of black marble, are the effigies, male and female, of another part of the Rudhall family. The man is habited in the dress of a soldier in armour,—the lady in the dress of the times; holding each other's hand, their heads supported by tasselled cushions. Nothing can exceed the elegance with which this monument is executed. The figures are of white marble, and such is the labour bestowed on them, that every minutiæ of their dress claims attention. Round the sides of it are figures in different attitudes, in whose countenances the statuary has thrown uncommon spirit. *Westminster Abbey does not contain a richer effort of Sculpture, of the same age, than the monument we have here noticed.*

Round the exergue, and at the West end of the tomb, are Latin inscriptions, to the memory of the characters who lie beneath.

Between the two monuments:

On a pedestal, a fine whole length upright figure, of white marble, habited in the dress of a Roman soldier, his shield bearing the arms of Rudhall, of which family he was a part. Round the capital of the pedestal is an inscription, in Latin, of which the following is a

TRANSLATION:

" To the ashes of William Rudhall, of Rudhall, esq. " the LAST heir of the very illustrious and not less an- " cient family of Rudhall, which he adorned. Mary " Suron, spinster, erected this monument, in token of " her duty and affection. He died the 21st of Septem- " ber, in the year of Christ 1651."

Many persons, when looking at this figure, have accused the statuary of ignorance, by placing the warrior's sword on his RIGHT side; while others have excused him, by observing, that it is there placed in order to shew that the male branch of the family became extinct in his person. But, to correct such criticism, and give a proper reason, the Romans wore their shields on the left, and swords on their right sides. Therefore, to preserve what artists deem the costume, or character of the figure, the statuary shewed his good sense in assigning the sword to its present situation. The barbarous hands of ignorance have considerably defaced the original beauty of this and the adjoining monument, though care has preserved the fractured pieces. The arms of this man are badly executed, being too thin for so large a figure as is here represented. See Kennet's " Roman Antiquities."

The Living of Ross is now a very valuable Rectory. The present Incumbent is the Rev. - - - Underwood, who resides in the town.

MR. SCOTT's CHARITY.

MR. WALTER SCOTT, a native of Ross, having, by successful application to business in London, acquired a handsome fortune,—he, towards the close of his life, made a visit to the place of his birth; and finding the school, where he was first taught to read, in a declining state, resolved on giving it effectual support. He kept his word; for, when he died, which happened soon after this promise, he left the interest of six thousand pounds, chargeable on his estate for ever, for the erection of the school house, and the cloathing and education of thirty poor boys and twenty girls, children of the inhabitants of this town;—which building has been completed, and the charity is now under such management, that future generations may "lispe the name of SCOTT" with equal gratitude as before KYRLE.

Great events are often produced from trifling causes, and in none do they shine more conspicuous than in the following:—Mr. Scott had, when young (like other boys), taken some pears from a garden, without thinking it a crime in so doing. Being seen eating of them in the town, by a man who guessed from whence they came, he was told by him, "that he would be hanged if found out." Terrified at the observation, he instantly left Ross and went to London, where by honest and well directed industry, he acquired the fortune, which enabled him to found the Charity that bears his name.

WALFORD.

WALFORD.

ABOUT three miles from Ross is Walford,—which (according to the Pedigree), was the original residence of the Man of Ross's ancestors. It is situated in a beautiful and fertile plain,—bounded on the west and south west by the Wye; on the east and north east by a ridge of high land; most agreeably diversified, from one extremity to the other, by little inclosures of wood, orcharding, and corn fields; and terminating in the solemn majestic umbrage of Penyard.

THE LATE

MRS. CLARKE's HOUSE,

OF THE HILL:

So named from its situation,—being placed on a gentle elevation on the shore of the river Wye. The mansion is a handsome modern brick building, surrounded by fine gardens and demesne lands, in the midst of a country abounding in the highest degree with every comfort that can gladen life.

The writer would be guilty of a great want of respect to the memory of Mrs. Clarke, if he were to pass unnoticed her very flattering civilities. When introduced, and the purport of the visit explained, she, with the utmost readiness, laid the Kyrle pedigree before him, with what other family papers she thought most likely to advance

advance the interest of these pages,—extracts from which are given in their proper places.

This Lady, sole survivor of her ancient family, tho' then [1799] in her eighty-fourth year, did the honors of the table, at which a company of eleven persons sat down to dinner; and when the festivities were removed, she related a few anecdotes, confirming the information given by William Dobbs. She well remembered Mr. John Kyrle, having often dined with him; though then a little girl, in the house she then resided,—described him as a plain country gentleman, whose dress at table was always a dark brown suit of cloaths,—but was too young to be much acquainted with his general habits of life.

In the course of this conversation, I made particular inquiries, *whether she had ever heard any conjectures offered with respect to the motives for Mr. Pope's panegeric on the Man of Ross?* to which she replied in the negative; nor have I been able to obtain, from any well informed friend, such *satisfactory* information *as to induce me to lay it before the Public.*

By the death of Mrs. Clarke, which event took place in 1806, her estates became, by will, the property of Kingsmill Evans, esq. of the First Regiment of Foot Guards, son of the late Colonel K. Evans, of the same Corps, who so honorably lost his life from a wound he received at the memorable battle of Lincelles in Flanders,—by whose family I had the pleasure of being introduced at the HILL, and to whom I beg to express my sincerest obligations.

WALFORD COURT.

ON the north side of the churchyard,—separated from it only by a small field and the public road,—stands the MANOR HOUSE, a grand and spacious stone edifice when in its splendor, surrounded by a stone wall eight feet high, nearly a mile in circumference. By the marriage of Mrs. CLARKE'S ancestors, of the HILL, with the KYRLE family, the estates belonging to them became her property. This lady inheriting, by the above marriage, her late charming residence at the HILL,—Walford Court is let to Mr. Green, who farms the estate.

Under such circumstances, no wonder it shares in the general fate of these mansions. Too extensive for the purposes of a farmer, a considerable part has been taken down, and even now much might be reduced, to render it comfortable to such situations in life. In erecting this building, the proprietor seems to have looked with an imitative eye on Goodrich Castle; for though he could not command its lofty situation, he has equalled it in the extent of ground it occupies. But, alas! both the one and the other now tell us "how vain and uncertain are the distinctions of this life."

THE CHURCH

Is a neat edifice, consisting of two isles, with a spacious chancel, and measures 30 yards long, by 14 wide. An isle or wing of this church is still distinguished by the name of "Kyrle's Chapel," and (on the most respectable authority), was undoubtedly a place of worship erected

erected by, and appropriated to the use of, that family, before the parochial church had any existence. It is rather singular, that the Tower should be placed on one side of the church, instead of the West end or centre of the edifice, as is usual. In proceeding down the Wye, or from any of the neighbouring heights, the light shingly Spire of this church has a very pleasing and tasteful appearance.

Some flat stones record the memories of the Kyrle family,—but there are not any ancient monuments to claim the stranger's attention.

The Living of Walford, a Vicarage, is said to be worth about eighty pounds per annum. The present incumbent is the Rev. - - - Beetson, who resides in a neat parsonage house a few hundred yards from the church. He also holds the Vicarage of Hope Mansel, a small adjoining parish.

The foot, or *near*, road, as it is called, from Ross to Goodrich, is carried along a ridge of high ground, runing parallel with the river Wye, through part of the parish of Walford; and combines such rich and varied scenery in the distance of three miles, as to render it a walk of unspeakable pleasure. Penyard, Goodrich castle, the country west of Ross, unite, with the most luxuriant fields of corn and pasture, to charm the eye, from one extremity of the path to the other. The kingdom does not possess a more fertile district in such a space of country.

WILTON.

WILTON.

WILTON is a small Hamlet, in the parish of BRIDESTOW, about half a mile to the westward of Ross, from which it is separated by the river Wye,—and through it runs the turnpike road leading to Hereford and Monmouth, at the extremity of which it divides at different angles for those places. It might properly be called the QUAY or WHARF to Ross, by furnishing a convenient accommodation for the shipping and landing of goods sent up and down the river. The remains of the Castle are converted into a dwelling house.

THE CASTLE.

WILTON CASTLE was the chief seat of the Barony of the GREYS of this place, by the marriage of Reginald Grey, Justice of Chester, with Maud, the heiress of Henry de Longchamp, Baron of Wilton, in the reign of Edward I. From hence a long train of valorous peers successively enjoyed this place, down to William Lord Grey of Wilton. Tho' earlier than this they much frequented their seats at BLECHLEY and WHADDON HALL, in BUCKS; and in the time of this William, the Castle of Wilton was much fallen to decay. This brave Nobleman, in the reign of Queen Mary, defended Calais against the French with wonderful valour, till at length his soldiers mutinying in despair, he was obliged

to

to yield it up, and became himself a prisoner, in which state he continued, till he redeemed himself for 24,000 crowns; a sum which almost ruined his estate. He was afterwards General of the forces sent into Scotland. Having lived to all the great purposes of life, but self-interest, he died 1562, no less to the public sorrow of England, which he secured, than to the common joy of Scotland, which he awed. His son ARTHUR, LORD GREY, a soldier as famous as his father, endeavoured to advance his lessened estate by his valour, and first was wounded at the siege of Leith, 1560, and afterwards was sent over Lord Deputy of Ireland, and there finally suppressed the rebellion of Desmond. But there is another cause, why his memory will live, long after his feats of arms are forgotten. He was the early patron of SPENSER the Poet, who went over to Ireland with him as his secretary, upon which he had a grant from Queen Elizabeth of 3000 acres of land in the county of Cork. His house was in Kilcolman; and here he finished his Fairy Queen; the river Mulla, which he has more than once introduced in his Poems, ran thro' his grounds. The world can never be grateful enough to the man, under whose patronage, so exquisite a Poem was written.

The gratitude of the Poet will live for ever:

"Most noble Lord, the pillar of my life,
"And patron of my Muse's pupillage,
"Thro' whose large bounty poured on me rife,
"In the first season of my feeble age,
"I now do live, bound yours by vassalage."

Sonnet to Lord Grey,—prefixed to the Fairy Queen.

LORD GREY died 1593. His son WILLIAM, the last Lord,* a puritan, but a very hopeful young man, was attainted as an accomplice in Sir Walter Raleigh's supposed plot, and died in prison much pitied.† At what time this family parted with Wilton Castle is not exactly known; but 'tis probable it was parted with by Lord William, the grandfather, among the patrimony he was obliged to alienate for raising his ransom; since it belonged to John first Lord Chandos, who married his sister; and from him it became the seat of his second son Charles, who resided here, as well as his posterity, down to James the magnificent Duke, who built *Cannons* in Middlesex.

The late Duke of Chandos had his residence at Aconbury, four miles south from Hereford. He was an active promoter of every measure, which had for its object the prosperity of the county, or the city of Hereford. His hospitality was liberal and diffusive; and a considerable part of his wealth was expended on the spot which furnished it; but, disappointed in his expectations of support in a political contest, he became disgusted with his situation, and, in consequence of it, disposed of his residence and all his estates in the county, which, at the present day, are said to be worth ten thousand pounds per annum, to the Governors of Guy's Hospital, in London. Thus they remain under the

* The title of Baron de Wilton has lately been revived in the person of Sir Thomas Egerton, Bart. descended from the sister and co-heir of this William; but not intitled to the ancient honour, both because of the attainder, and the abeyance.

† Weldon's Court of James I. p. 30.

mor-

mortifying change, that the rents are annually remitted to the metropolis; and the mansions destroyed, or converted to purposes far humbler and less generally useful, than those for which they were designed.

Phillips, in his Poem, called 'CIDER,' makes the following honorable mention of this family, originally natives of the county:

"Where shall we find
"Men more undaunted?* for their country's weal
"More prodigal of life? In ancient days,
"The Roman Legions and great Cesar found
"Our fathers no mean foes; and Cressy's plains,
"And Agincourt, deep-ting'd with blood, confess
"What the SILURES vigour unwithstood
"Could do in rigid fight: and chiefly what
"BRYDGES' wide-wasting hand, first garter'd Knight, †
"Puissant author of great CHANDOS' stem.
"High CAANDOS, that transmits paternal worth,
"Prudence, and ancient prowress, and renown,
"T' his noble offspring.‡ O thrice happy Peer!
"That, blest with hoary vigour, view'st thyself
"Fresh blooming in thy generous son! whose lips
"Flowing with nervous eloquence exact,
"Charm the wise senate, and attention win
"In deepest councils. ARICONIUM pleas'd,
"Him, as her chosen worthy, first salutes;
"Him, on th' Iberian, on the Gallic shore,
"Him hardy Britons bless; his faithful hand
"Conveys new courage from a-far, nor more
"The general's conduct, than his care, avails."

* Than those of Herefordshire.

† This is an historical inaccuracy. Sir John Chandos, one of the first Knights of the Garter, was uncle to Alice, the wife of Sir Thomas Brydges, ancestor of the Brydges's.

‡ James Lord Chandos, father of the first Duke.

The

The remaining ruins of the Castle are very inconsiderable; there being nothing but a low square wall, inclosing a garden, with the appearance of a turret in one angle. Within these few years, a part of the premises was converted into a dwelling house, for the residence of an agent to the estate, which still continues to be occupied by a private family.

WILTON BRIDGE.

In the whole extent of the Wye thro' Herefordshire, there was only one bridge, that of Hereford, until the year 1597, the communication being kept open, by means of a boat, with Ross, Glocester, and other places; at which time, an act of parliament, stating in the preamble the inconveniencies of the ferry, and the number of lives lost in the passage, was then obtained, for erecting a second, at this place,—which proves of the utmost public utility to the surrounding neighbourhood.

BRIDESTOW,

In which parish Wilton is situate, is confined to a few farm houses scattered about it. From being the parish of the Barony, my attention was directed to the Church, in hopes of meeting with some monuments of the Greys, but none of the family are buried there. The Church is a small edifice, dedicated to St. Bride,—and its vicarial revenue worth about 250l. a year.

Having given an outline of the country round ROSS, we will proceed with the Excursion down the WYE.

DISTANCES FROM ROSS,

BY WATER AND LAND,

TO THE FOLLOWING PLACES.

	Miles.	F.	Y.
TO Goodrich Castle, - -	4	4	0
To Coldwell, - - -	11	4	0
To New Wear, - - -	15	6	0
To Monmouth, - - -	20	7	0
From Monmouth to Tintern Abbey, -	10	4	0
From Monmouth to Chepstow, -	17	0	60
From Ross to Chepstow, - -	37	7	0
From Ross by Turnpike Road to Monmouth, - - -	10	0	0
From Ross in a strait line, or as a bird would fly, - - -	9	0	10
From Ross to Chepstow by Turnpike Road,	26	0	0
From Ross to Chepstow as a bird would fly	16	4	0
*** The nearest road from Ross to Chepstow, by Coleford, - -	21	0	0

☞ The base, or supposed tunnel, of the hill, between Cold Well and New Wear, is six hundred yards only, —and by the river four miles two furlongs.

N. B. The above distances were measured by Mr. TAYLOR, who surveyed the county of Hereford (from whose MS. this was taken), and are deemed very correct.

COMMENCEMENT

OF THE

VOYAGE

DOWN THE RIVER WYE.

FROM Ross to Goodrich Castle, a distance of nearly four miles, the river has little interesting, if we except its sinuous course, which plays in the most amusing manner through meadows of the richest verdure, filled with cattle cropping the green herbage. The castle and noble bridge at Wilton,—the stone causeway, erected to keep open the communication with the country,—the high ground on the left, through which Mr. Kyrle's walks are carried, and terminated by his summer house, have all been noticed in proper parts of this work.

MR. GILPIN.

THE first part of the river from Ross is tame. The banks are low, and there is scarce an object worth attention, except the ruins of Wilton Castle, which appear

*** It may be necessary to premise, at the commencement of the excursion, that, from the situation of the town of Ross, the company who undertake it will have to walk from the Inn to the meadow where they embark, about a quarter of a mile; but this, from the ease of the path (being a continued descent) is not attended with inconvenience; and the boatmen are always in waiting at the house, for the purpose of conveying the luggage, as well as for conducting the travellers to the pleasure boat. The proprietors of the vessels also accompany them, so that the ear is not pained with a coarseness of language, too frequently heard from the navigators of public rivers.

on

on the right, shrouded with a few trees,—but the scene wants accompanyments to give it grandeur.

The bank however soon began to swell on the right, and was richly adorned with wood. We admired it much, and also the vivid images reflected from the water, which were continually disturbed as we sailed past them, and thrown into tremulous confusion by the dashing of our oars. A disturbed face of water endeavouring to collect its scattered images, and restore them to order, is among the pretty appearances of nature.

We met with nothing, for some time, during our voyage, but these grand woody banks, one rising behind another; appearing, and vanishing, by turns, as we doubled the several capes. But tho' no particular objects marked and characterized these different scenes; yet they afforded great variety of beautiful and perspective views, as we wound round them: or stretched through the reaches, which they marked along the river.

After sailing four miles from Ross, we came to Goodrich Castle, where a grand view presented itself; and we rested on our oars to examine it. A reach of the river, forming a noble bay, is spread before the eye. The bank, on the right, is steep, and covered with wood; beyond which a bold promontory shoots out, crowned with a castle, rising among trees.

This view, which is one of the grandest on the river, I should not scruple to call correctly picturesque; which is seldom the character of a purely natural scene.

GOODRICH CASTLE.

HISTORICAL ACCOUNT.

GODRICH (or, as it is called, Goodrich), Castle, stands on an eminence, near the south-eastern-most extremity of the county of Hereford, and on the western bank of the river Wye, distant almost due south from Hereford sixteen miles, and four from Ross. The passage and two closes below the Castle, and nearly adjoining to it, are in the county of Monmouth, forming a circular area of about twelve or fifteen acres;—the land encompassing it about is in the county of Hereford. By whom or when it was built are equally unknown.

The signature of "Godricus Dux" occurs twice in the Monasticon, among the witnesses to two Charters granted by King Canute; but whether he gave name to the Castle, or had any concern in its erection, does not appear. Indeed, the contrary is most probable, as neither of the monasteries are in or near Herefordshire.

William Marshall, Earl of Pembroke, had a grant of Godrich Castle from King John, in the fifth year of his reign [1204], to hold the service of two Knight's fees; and Walter Earl of Pembroke, his son, died there, in the 30th year of the reign of Henry III. 1246.

From

From the Marshalls, the Castle and Lordship came to William de Valencia, Earl of Pembroke, half-brother to Henry III. in right of his wife Joan Montchensey, descended from the Marshalls. According to "Mills's Catalogue of Honour," Aymer de Valencia, son and heir of William, was Lord of Godrich Castle; he died without issue, the 23d of June 1324,—17 Edward II. Joan, second sister and co-heir of Aymer de Valencia, was the wife of John Lord Comyn of Badenorth, by whom he had Elizabeth, a co-heiress, wife of Richard Lord Talbot, from whom descended the Earls of Shrewsbury.

In "Jacob's Peerage," in the "Pedigree of the Earls of Shrewsbury," it is said, "That (time of Edward III.)—Elizabeth Comyn, wife of Richard Talbot, who is there said to be one of the sisters and heirs of John Comyn, was forcibly seized at Kennington, in Surry, by Hugh le Dispencer, Earl of Winchester, Hugh Dispencer, jun. and others; and first carried to Wocking, thence to Parfrith in that county, and so detained above a year; during which time she was, by menaces of death, constrained to pass her manor of Painswicke, in the county of Glocester, to the said Earl; and the Castle of Godrich to Hugh the younger, to them and to their heirs."

From this it seems, as if the Castle of Goodrich and the Manor of Painswick were settled upon her to her separate use and disposal; otherwise her conveyance, being a *feme couvert*, could not have given the shadow of a title.

No authority is cited for this story, which is not mentioned in Sir Robert Atkyns's History of Glocestershire, under the article of Painswicke, where that Lady is spoken of, and where it would with propriety be related.

Hugh le Dispenser did not long hold what he had so unjustly acquired; since in the 22d of Edward III. Godrich Castle was in the possession of Richard y Talbot, who then obtained the royal licence for erecting therein a prison for malefactors; and in the 31st of the same reign died, possessed of it and manor, which according to the escheat Rolls in the Tower, he held of the king in capite; and in the 47th year of the same reign, Elizabeth his widow died, seized of them also, as appears by the said Rolls; wherein they are said to be in the marches of Wales.

Sir John Scudamore, of Ewyas and Hom Lacy, was constituted constable of Goderich Castle, during the minority of John Lord Talbot, 20th of Richard II. 1397.

This Castle and Manor continued in the family of the Talbots from the time of Edward III. [1327] till the 14th of James I. [1617],—when Gilbert Talbot earl of Shrewsbury died, leaving three daughters, his co-heiresses. Elizabeth, his second daughter, was married to Henry de Grey Earl of Kent, who thereby became possessed of this and other manors; which continued in that family till the death of Henry Duke of Kent, June 5, 1740; who leaving no issue male, this estate was sold

sold to Thomas Griffin, esq. vice-admiral of the White, —it afterwards descended to his son, the late George Griffin, esq. of Monmouth, and is now in the possession of his widow.

During the Civil War, in the time of Charles I. this Castle was successively in the hands of both parties. The Parliament seized it at first. It appears afterwards to have fallen into the possession of the King's forces; for on the 15th of June, 1646, the Commons resolved, as appears from their Journals, in consequence of a letter from Colonel Birch, of the 18th of the same month, from Godrich Castle, that "eighty barrels of "powder be forthwith provided for the service against "Gotherich castle and Ragland castle, out of the store "at Oxford."

It surrendered to the Parliament the 31st of July, after a siege probably of no great length, since it is not mentioned by Rushworth, Colonel Birch is said to have battered that which is called the Lady's Tower. On the 25th of August following, the Parliament ordered Mr. Samuel Browne and Mr. Selden to acquaint the Countess of Kent, "with the necessity of demolishing Gotherich castle!!! and that on the demolishing thereof satisfaction should be made unto her. On the 1st of March following they resolved, "that Godrich castle should be totally disgarrisoned and slighted." Probably at that time it was so far demolished, as to be rendered incapable of defence!!!

From the ruinous condition it appears in, it is evident, that this last resolution was put in force.

Thus

Thus was this grand pile of building, which had, for so many ages, been the residence of the noble and warlike families of the Marshalls, Valencies, and Talbots, reduced to a heap of rubbish!

DESCRIPTIVE ACCOUNT.

THIS Castle was a very strong pile. A deep trench, or ditch, near twenty yards broad, is hewn into the solid rock, where it wants the defence of the steepness of the hill, which it hath upon two sides, and part of the third. The entrance into it lies over a little neck of land, borne up on both sides by a stone wall, near the south-easternmost angle of the castle, and a small bridge, having one Gothic arch, whose point is extremely acute, and half another, which is circular.

The figure of the castle is nearly square, measuring within the walls forty-eight yards by fifty-two. It is defended by four large round towers, one at each angle; some of which have very extraordinary and picturesque buttresses. Having passed through the strong gateway, the first building on the left hand is

THE CHAPEL:

On the south wall of which was the figure of a Talbot, surrounded with the garter of St. George, and on it an earl's coronet. The windows of this building were much

much more ornamented than any of the others. Here is a place for holy water, and niches for saints. Over it was a room with a fire-place, and beneath it a cellar; the brackets for the support of the floors, both above and below, are still remaining.

THE KEEP

Is a square building, somewhat resembling Gondulph's tower, at Rochester castle, but much less. It seems very ancient; a moulding which surrounds it being decorated with the zig-zag ornament.

It is reported, that this Keep was built by one Mackbeth or Macmac, an Irish commander, as a ransom for himself and son, who were taken prisoners in Ireland, by John earl of Shrewsbury, and brought hither. It is to this day called "Macbeth's tower." Two monstrous head-pieces, said to be those of the father and son, were, till very lately, kept in this castle, as a memorial of that achievement.* Both these helmets were extremely weighty; one of them would hold half a bushel; the least was remarkably thick.

THE HALL,

Was on the west side, where was observable a beam of oak entire, without knot or knarle, of 66 feet long, and near two feet square the whole length. The hall itself was 60 feet, allowing three feet at each end for the resting of the beam in the walls.

* I made application to the late Mr. George Griffin, respecting the above mentioned HELMETS, who kindly informed me, that if such things had been there, they were removed before the place came into the possession of his family, for he knew nothing of them. C. H.

In

In this castle were deposited all the papers and records of Urchenfield, where they retained the custom of "Gavel Kind," called in Domesday Book, "Consuetudines Walliensium;" the chief privileges of which were, that all lands on the decease of the parent were divided equally among the children, who might dispose thereof at the age of fifteen, being then deemed of age, without the consent of the lord. Felony in the parent did not forfeit the estate, which descended nevertheless to the children,

In this castle was an ancient inscription, a drawing of which Mr. Grose has given; who says, he was favoured with it by Richard Blyke, Esq. F. A. S. who had it from the then bishop of Durham.

Goodrich gave the title of Viscount to the last mentioned Henry Earl of Kent,—when he was by Queen Anne, December 14, 1706, created Marquis of Kent.

[MR. GROSE.]

FURTHER ACCOUNT.

BY C. HEATH.

TO the preceding interesting historical and descriptive accounts of this place, by a person so eminently skillful, little can be expected to be added by the writer; yet as the following circumstances are not noticed by Mr. Grose, he deems them too valuable to be omitted.

The

GOODRICH CASTLE.

THE Castle of Goodrich is situated in the parish from whence it is named; and hundred of Wormlow; and is distant about a mile from the turnpike road leading from Monmouth to Ross, to the northward of the Church, which I take for a central object.

At the time of the Norman survey, Domesday thus notices it, under Irchenfield: "*Godric Mappesone holds Hulla*," or the Fort,—from whom we may infer the parish received its name.

The approach is thro' two fields, which form part of the farm belonging to Mr. James Bellamy; and as the land is generally under cultivation, its rich produce increases the luxuriance of the scenery from this aspect of the castle.

On entering the First Court, its appearance has little interesting for the Pencil, but the View from its edge is in the highest degree enchanting. The Wye flows at its feet; and you command a country equal in fertility to any part of the kingdom. The Church and Spire of Ross finely harmonize—nor should the Church of Walford be overlooked—in the picture.

The eye accustomed to the country round London, must enjoy a pleasurable relief, in contemplating the sublime terminations to many points of this view: The noble wood to the eastward, rising to an amazing height, and cloathed to its very summit,—is strikingly contrasted by the Coppet hill to the S. E. which presents a bold surface of huge rock, in fantastic shapes and forms, that give a peculiar variety to the surrounding objects.

But

But it is in looking to the Castle that we enjoy the fullness of its beauty. From a stand at Pen-craig, on the turnpike road between Ross and Monmouth, all the objects before noticed combine with the principal feature (the Castle), and form a landscape—rich beyond the power of my abilities to paint!

Carrying the eye into the diversified vale,—the Wye is seen in six different points of view, with the noble bridge at Wilton, through whose numerous arches it flows:—and, sweeping the horizon,—Malvern Hills, near Worcester, May Hill, on the road to Glocester, the lofty wood of Pen-yard, forming a fine back-ground to the Church and Spire of Ross, which when viewed from hence take a grand elevation, with innumerable other interesting circumstances, delight the mind in a sensible manner, as it surveys the scenery that expands itself before it.

In England we want those fine skies which add such a lustre to the works of the Italian school; the beautiful remains of Grecian, may be overlooked, for the moment, in the vestiges of Gothic architecture, which time has handed down to us; and but for the former defect, the view would attract the pencil of a Gaspar, or even a Nicolo Poussin.

If Time were permitted to add the ornament of IVY to some parts of the exterior, so as to cover the harsh feature of the stone, which is of a dingy red colour, it would greatly contribute to its beauty; but as sheep are kept within its boundary, it is torn down in the winter season, and given to them for fodder.

The

The stone, with which the castle is built, was without doubt dug out of the trench, which surrounds the greater part of it.

THE INNER COURT.

Passing over where was the *Draw-bridge*, and through a deep gateway, on the right of which was the Porter's Lodge,* we enter the Second Court, which presents to us the most interesting parts of the castle.

The angle in front, where now remains a fine octagon PILLAR, from which spring two beautiful pointed arches, retains the name of the *Lady's Tower*,—probably from having been appropriated for the residence of the Baron's Lady, it being the most agreeable aspect of the building.

Contiguous to the Lady's Tower, on the left, is the HALL,—a very extensive room, but now only claims our notice from the purposes to which it was devoted.

Immediately on the left of the entrance into the court was the CHAPEL,—but this, like the parts before noticed, has shared in the same general fate!

There was living in a cottage at Newmean Hill (between Whitchurch and Goodrich), a man of the name of Christopher Llewellyn, at the advanced age of *ninety-five*, and in good health and spirits,—a native of the former place, whose life had been passed in navigating the barges trading between Ross and Bristol;

* Called, by the people of the country, Black Jack's hole, from having been the residence of an humble object, whose outward garb was in unison with the darkness of the cell he had made his dwelling. It is now used as a fold for the sheep, which are fed within the walls of the castle.

who accompanied the writer on foot, from his dwelling to Goodrich Castle and back, a distance of near three miles, at almost an equal pace, in June 1796. As he went to school in the village, and had never been absent from it but a few days at a time, some degree of intelligence was expected from him. We walked over the whole of the building: but instead of any particular remark, the information obtained (though not from defect of memory), was, "That the insides of the "rooms were all neatly white-washed when he was a "boy, which time since has totally defaced. None "of the roofs or floors of the rooms were in existence "at his day, any more than at the present."

Hence, we may infer, That as the castle of Goodrich was ordered by Government to be demolished, it was reduced to the absolute state its ruinous form presents, by the persons who executed that mandate; and all the difference between its *then* and *present* appearance, lies in the freshness of the walls within, not having suffered much injury from the weather. Many of the parts were also much choaked with rubbish and stones, which had fallen in a course of years; but to discriminate any other circumstance of moment, relating to the interior, was not within his power.

THE KEEP, *or* TOWER,

Is a stately remain of SAXON architecture,—but the rooms within, like those we noticed in the preceding parts, have all yielded to the spoiler's hands; and nothing now remains but a flight of stone steps, commencing

mencing from the aperture on the right, by which means the summit of the building was reached; but, they are now so worn by time, as well as difficult to ascend, that the VIEW, luxuriant as it glows around, would but ill reward the stranger's toil,—when he nearly can command the same extent of scenery, from the edge of the first court, without incurring the hazard attendant on such a pursuit.

Let me here solicit the Reader's more particular Attention.

On the left hand side of the KEEP, and parted from it only by a broken flight of stone steps, is another tower, forming the south-east angle of the castle, considered as having been appropriated for barracks for the army, in conjunction with other buildings (now destroyed), that formed a communication between this tower and the chapel. The entrance is through a low and pointed arch doorway, two yards thick, the interior parts of which, like those before described, would be passed over with indifference, had it not been for the following circumstance:

Mr. Grose has inserted, in his Antiquities, an engraving of an *ancient inscription* in this castle; not that he had himself seen it, but given to him by Mr. Blyke, D.A.S. who held a copy of it. In all my visits, frequent as they had been, it was searched for with the utmost care, nor could I discover the smallest trace of it, till the better fortune of two intelligent friends pointed it out, with some interesting figures, which are to be seen, and in the greatest preservation.

On

On the right and left hand sides, about ten feet from the ground, are two windows, with commodious seats in each; and on their walls will be found the objects under consideration. In the right hand window is the *Inscription*, which appears to have been performed with some trouble, being executed in *relief*; but what it implies, must be left to the better sense of the reader to determine. By me, it is considered as the name of the person who carved it,—that it was done to amuse or beguile the tedious hours of sickness or of confinement, —and that it is composed of the following Letters, in ancient, but very legible, characters:

A
MASTERAU
M,
ADAM
RASTUN

At the end of the last line is a character, resembling the figure of eight,—but whether intended for a *flourish*, or connected with the inscription, must be left in a state of uncertainty. The stone prevented it from being carried any farther.

On the opposite stone is a whole length front figure of a man holding in his right hand (which is stretched out) a hawk, or other bird; with a dog lying under his feet. According to Lord Orford, in his history of painting, characters drawn with birds resting on the hands *imply nobility*; but we cannot presume to say, that the figure in question warrants such a conclusion. The recumbent figures of our ancient nobility, on their altar tombs,

tombs, have always some animal at their head or feet, as the lion, the dog, the greyhound, &c. being symbolical representations of their valour, fidelity, expertness, &c. We have only to add, that it is carved with great spirit, and impresses us wish a very favourable idea of the taste of the person by whom it was executed.

In the left window is a whole length front figure, intended to represent the Virgin with our Saviour in her arms, and in various other parts are figures of birds and beasts, particularly a hawk standing on the back of a partridge, who is crouching with great fear, from the fate which seems to await it; rabbits at play, a peacock or other large fowl, &c. all of which shew that a great degree of pains were taken in the execution.

Fancy might here indulge itself in a variety of conjectures. Some well-informed friends have considered this room as devoted to the Baron, when he accoutred himself for the sports of the field, or the chace; that it probably contained the engines, or toils, used in the taking of game; and that these figures were allusions to its appropriation; but to me it appears too elegant for such a purpose. Indeed, I hesitate not to say, that I think the whole of the *Figures*, as well as the *Inscription*, were executed by some *Prisoner of Rank* detained within its walls; and that he caught the ideas of the hawk and partridge, the rabbits at play, the deer, &c. from living objects before his eyes; for the aspect commands a most agreeable part of Mr. Bellamy's farm, which without doubt, at that day, formed the park or domain belonging to the Castle.

If

If we believe the account, that the MACMACS were brought prisoners from Ireland, to Goodrich, by John Earl of Shrewsbury, and detained here, till they procured their ransom by building the Keep of this Castle, who shall deny that these figures, &c. are not memorials of the method in which a part of their time was passed, when incarcerated within its walls? Such an idea has *probability to support it*, if we examine the strength and situation of this apartment. But as pages might be written upon it, I shall not further discuss the subject, but leave the reader to form his own opinion.

On the north side of this Court is a large window, with seats round it, from whence you enjoy a fine command of country,—and where the mind of taste might long be amused, in contemplating either the harmony of nature, or the memorable events of former ages, with the fortunes of the different families who have successively resided in this Baronial Mansion. Often has the writer wished, while enjoying the calmness of its protecting shade, that some kindred spirit, with a zeal equal, but talents superior to his own, had been fired with a desire to perpetuate its history, while the circumstances attendant on it were fresh in the memory of the neighbourhood; but every transaction—thro' lapse of time,—is now veiled in such obscurity, that, in the present publication, I can only claim the praise of attempting to collect its floating information.

The trees and underwood that grow around the castle, greatly add to the beauty of these ruins. It were to be wished, that a better path could be formed from the Ferry

Ferry House to the Castle, which at present is extremely inconvenient and unpleasant to the fashionable world, who honour this country with their presence in the Summer season.

SUPPLIED BY C. LEWELLIN.

We are told in the history of the Castle, "That "Richard Talbot obtained, in the 22d of Edward III. "the royal licence for erecting therein a prison for "malefactors." This place is now in existence,—still continues to be tenanted,—retains the name of THE GAOL,—is situated on a point adjoining the road leading to the Ferry-boat,—and may be known by the door being filled with large headed nails. It is a small square stone building, but proportioned to purposes for which it was erected; not being intended as a place of confinement for soldiers taken by the fortune of war, but only for offenders committing trespass within the Lord's Manor.

The power of the Barons in their Courts extended to criminal as well as civil cases—in fact, it was lodged with them for the purpose of dispensing justice without trouble or expence to their neighbourhood. The Lord's Steward presided as Judge of the Court.

These courts they kept in the same manner as the Assizes are now held throughout the kingdom; of which they were dispossessed in the reign of King Charles II. —But to proceed:

From this Gaol, offenders were taken to be tried at what was called

THE

THE COURT HOUSE,

situated a short distance from the former place, in the road between it and the Cross Keys. The whole building formed half a square; one part being used as a barn —the other, the Sessions House, is occupied as a granary by Mr. Roberts, of Crews, in this parish. In the early part of his life there remained against the inside wall (what he called) the figure of a RED DOG; but this is not the crest of the Talbot family, tho' it might allude to the title. At the present day there exists, below the chimney, fronting the road, the figure of a DOG carved on a large stone; but whether it was placed there when the building was erected—or carved on it as a sign for the Public House, which was kept below, —is at this day unknown.*

SANDERSON relates the following Anecdote:—which has not been collected in the remarks on this place. "Colonel Broughton, out of Glocester, undertakes to garrison Godridge Castle, where he rousted with great undertakings, skirmishes and reprisals, as all the other garrisons usually did, one from the other successefully.

* Lewellin lived three or four years after my first interview with him,—and being at Goodrich on the village feast day, I saw the old man, in good health and spirits, arrayed as a complete BEAU of the age of King George the Second,—a fine blue coat and large hanging cuffs, with waistcoat of the same, the flaps falling down to the knees,—and his respectability crowned with a handsome cocked hat, put on in a smart military taste,—the tout ensemble of his dress rendering his appearance extremely interesting. He was going to church with his old "chere ami," to hear the concord of sweet sounds, from some harmonist from the "Forest of Dean," assembled in compliment to that commemoration. Before his death, I read to him this account, in a former edition, which drew from him a great degree of mirth. At his decease, his cottage was purchased by Mr. Wall, of Old Forge, who immediately took it down, and erected in its place the present dwelling house.

Some

Some Hereford forces hearing of it, drew out a small party, summoned him, stormed and took him and his prisoners, and carried them all, above one hundred, to Hereford, *nimbly done without any noise.*"

Whatever outworks belonged to the Castle cannot now be traced; and the park, if there ever was one, is converted into a farm, and occupied by Mr. James Bellamy.

SIR HENRY LINGEN.

THE officer who commanded at Goodrich castle for the King, against Colonel Birch, who commanded the Parliament army, was Sir HENRY LINGEN, Baronet, of Sutton Court, in the county of Hereford.

When Sir Henry delivered up the Castle to Colonel Birch, the garrison marched out of it to an AIR, which afterwards became a popular tune, called by his name, and danced at all the merry-makings in the neighbourhood, in the memory of the present generation. Dr. Griffin said, that he had a gardener in his service who remembered it well, having often danced to it in his younger years. But my inquiries among the ancient Orpheuses of Hereford, Monmouth, and Glocester shires, could not find one to whom it was known.

* Sir Henry Lingen was a staunch loyalist, during King Charles's wars with his Parliament, and kept the King a regiment of horse at Sutton, at his own expence; on which account he was afterwards fined by the Parliament. The baronetage is extinct, but Sutton Court is still the residence of a branch of the family.

DESCRIPTION

OF AN

ANCIENT SEAL.

THIS curious and interesting relique, rendered valuable by the nobleman to whom it formerly belonged, *being his Seal of Office*,—was found near the Keep of Goodrich castle, a few years ago, and is now in the possession of Mr. Hooper, solicitor, Ross.

It is made of *brass*, or mixed metal,—of the form and size of a common steel seal, such as is often worn by persons in ordinary situations in life. In the centre are his ARMS, viz. *A Sword in Pile, surmounted by a Horse-shoe*, the former implying his *command*, and the latter his *office*, in the King's Household,—while round it is the following Inscription:

GAVTIER LE MARECHAL D' MACIS.

THAT IS

Walter, Earl Marshal, Lord of the Marches.

By which it appears, that it belonged to Walter Marshal, fourth son of William, son of John, son of Gilbert, Marshal, who were called by that surname, because they were *Hereditary Marshals of the King's Household.*

* William Marshall, Earl of Pembroke (father of the above Walter), stiled "the great Earl," which he had bestowed on him in the minority of Henry III. gave the first greatness to this office, and with whose descendants it afterwards became hereditary.

LINES,

LINES,

ON RECEIVING A PRESENT OF A

HIGHLY FINISHED DRAWING

OF

GOODRICH CASTLE;

TAKEN AT SUNSET BY A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN,

THE AUTHOR HAVING NEVER SEEN IT BUT IN A CLOUDY DAY.

" Le patri supreme
" Errano avvolte d'una nebbia oscura." PETR.

IN pride of strength, erst GOODRICH! hast thou stood,
Frowning indignant on WYE's vagrant flood;
Thine high embattled Towers oft kenn'd afar
Full many a scene of desolating war,
Brav'd the dread force of Nature's secret store,
The forked lightning, and the thunder's roar.

Such were man's boasted works! but time alone
Hath rent the iron's grasp, and solid stone;
Where the shrill clarion sounded war's alarms,
And call'd the British heroes to their arms,
In antique horror nods the ivy'd tower,
And dreads the slightest atmospheric power.
Thy once-impervious mass, a ruin made,
Casts on the stream below a chequered shade.

But brighter prospects fascinate the eye,
Relieve the pensive mind, and check the sigh.
Lo! beauteous HARRIET'S CLAUDE-like pencil throws
Eve's blushing tints around thy dead repose;
Transmits thy ruin'd scenery to Fame,
And wrests from dark oblivion thy name.
Translated thus amongst her sacred store,
Thou'lt live 'till vengeful time shall be no more.

* " Quod nec Jovis ira, neg ignis,
" Nec potuerit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas." OVID.

THE PRIORY.

BELOW the Castle, and on the same side of the river, stand the remains of Goodrich Priory;—a Monastery of the order of Canons Regular of St. Augustine.

Though its name seems lost at this day, it is called *Flanesford* in the Monasticon, and the time of its foundation thus recorded:

"The letters patent of the 20th year of Edward the "Third [1347], set forth, That Richard Talbot found-"ed and endowed this monastery, with licence of the "said king."

The situation corresponds with monastic choice,—a fertile valley, watered by a navigable river or copious stream; but of difficult access from the surrounding country. Time has partially, not wholly, removed the inconvenience; for the bye lanes, which lead to it, remain in nearly the state they were first formed.

The buildings, by being converted into barns and stables, have nothing to attract attention, but the remembrance of former purposes to which they were devoted. A good house has since been added, which is tenanted by Mr. Bellamy, who occupies the farm that surrounds it and the castle.

The estate is now the property of - - - - Swain, esq. of Weston, near Ross.

THE

THE CHURCH

Is situated nearly on the brow of an eminence; and when viewed from any of the surrounding heights, its light shingly spire rising in a woodland country, gives the whole a very picturesque appearance.

Near the Communion rails is an ancient altar tomb, —but tradition not having preserved the remembrance, and being also without arms or inscription, we are left in uncertainty as to what character the sepulture contains. This is the only interesting monument within its walls.

The Vicarage is said to be worth about two hundred pounds per annum. The present Incumbent is the Rev. Henry Williams, who resides in a neat Parsonage, on the south side of the churchyard; by whom the premises have been greatly improved, since his appointment to the Living. The Bishop of Hereford is the Patron, to whom the great tythes belong.

NEXT to its fine Castle, what particularly marks Goodrich is, that it was the birth-place and residence of the ancestors of SWIFT, the celebrated Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin.

The paternal estate of his grandfather, the Rev. Thomas Swift, lay in this parish, and he also held the Vicarage of Goodrich, with that of Bridestow before mentioned,—to the former of which livings he was first presented in the year 1628.

The

The zeal and activity of this gentleman for the royal cause, exposed him to much danger and many sufferings. He was plundered more than thirty times by the Parliament's army, and was ejected from his church livings; his estate was sequestered, and himself thrown into prison. His estate, however, was afterwards recovered, but part of it was sold to pay the money on the mortgage, and some other debts; the remainder, being about one half, descended to his heir, and is now in the possession of Theophilus Swift, esq. Councillor at Law. Mr. Thomas Swift died in 1658, in the 63d year of his age, and was buried under the altar at Goodrich, with a short inscription.* He died about two years before the return of King Charles II. who, by the recommendation of some prelates, had promised, if ever God should restore him, that he would promote Mr. Swift in the church, and otherwise reward his family, for his extraordinary services and zeal, and persecutions in the royal cause; but Mr. Swift's merit died with himself.

The following anecdote is related of him:—Having mortgaged his estate at Goodrich for 300 broad pieces, and quilted them into his waistcoat, he set out for Ragland Castle, near Monmouth, whither King Charles I. had retired, after the battle of Naseby, in 1645. The

* The Rev. Mr. Williams (the present Vicar) took care to preserve the Inscriptions on the stones, which had fallen to decay, within the Communion rails in Goodrich Church. To his kindness I am indebted for the following, to the memory of Thomas Swift, above mentioned:

"Here lyeth the body of Mr. Thomas Swift, who died the second day of June 1658, aged 62 years and tenne moneths, who was Vicar of Goodridge 34 years."

Earl

Earl of Worcester, who knew him well, asked what his errand was? I am come, said Swift, to give his Majesty my coat; at the same time pulling it off, and presenting it. The Earl told him pleasantly, that his coat was worth little. Why then, said Swift, take my waistcoat. This was soon found to be an useful garment by its weight; and it is remarked by Lord Clarendon, that the King received no supply more seasonable or acceptable than these 300 broad pieces during the whole war, his distress being then very great, and his resources cut off.

He left ten sons and three or four daughters, most of whom lived to be men and women. Four of his sons settled in Ireland, being driven thither by their sufferings, and the death of their father.

He built a house on his estate at Goodrich, called at this day the *New House*,—and on the pillars which support a lofty porch, are carved the initials of Thomas Swift, with the date of the year, 1636, in which it was erected. The situation (about a quarter of a mile from the turnpike road leading from thence to Ross), is extremely pleasant, in a very fertile part of the parish; and, when in repair, formed a desirable residence for a family of easy fortune.

At the time of my visit, it was occupied by Mr. Evans, whose mother, a respectable woman, in her 87th year, resided with him. She was then in good health and spirits,—and said, that her grandfather married a daughter of Mr. T. Swift, who built the house.

Theophi-

Theophilus Swift, esq. the present surviving descendant, lived here about twelve months, before he settled in Worcester in the year 1760. He is a gentleman of talents and learning,—and several of his works are before the public. He now resides in Dublin, and practises as a councillor at the Irish Bar. He rendered himself conspicuous by an Affair of Honor with the present Duke of Richmond; as also by his Defence of Renwick Williams, a few years ago.

THE CHALICE,

PRESENTED TO GOODRICH CHURCH,

BY

DR. JONATHAN SWIFT,

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, DUBLIN.

The Rev. Thomas Swift, when he was ejected from his preferments, continued to reside in the neighbourhood; and, being a conscientious character, dispensed his sacerdotal functions to those persons who solicited his comforts, such as praying by the sick, administring the Sacrament, and other equally pious offices, for which purpose the Chalice was made.

How it was conveyed to Ireland, or by what means it came into the hands of the Dean, is not now known, but it was given by him to the Church of Goodrich, as a mark of esteem for the Parish.

It

It bears the following Inscriptions, viz.

I. *Round the extremity of the Foot, above:*

" Jonath. Swift, S. T. D. Decan. Eccles: S.tie. Patr. " Dubl.n, hunc Calicem de Eccles. de Goderidge " sacrum voluit."

[Jonathan Swift, D. D. Dean of the Church of St. Patrick, Dublin, wished this Chalice to be consecrated for the use of Goderidge Church.]

II. *Round the extremity of the Foot, underneath:*

" Tho. Swift hujus Eccles. Vicar. notus in historijs ob " ea quæ fecit et passus est pro Car.o. jmo. ex hoc " Calice."

III. *On the flat space, underneath, in the centre of the stand:*

" ægrotantibus propinavit eundem calice: Jonath. " Swift, S. T. D. Decan. Eccles. St. Patr. Dubl.n " Thomæ ex filio nepos huic Eccles. in perpetuum " dedicat. 1726."

[Thomas Swift, Vicar of this Church, well known in history for what he did and suffered for King Charles I. administered out of this same Chalice to the sick. Jonathan Swift, D. D. Dean of the Church of Saint Patrick, Dublin, grandson of the aforesaid Thomas, dedicates this Cup to this Church for ever. 1726.]

DESCRIPTION:

The Chalice in question is made of SILVER, but not of any peculiar form, or elegance of workmanship, so as to claim the artist's notice. Its shape is bell-mouthed: would contain a large glass of wine (such as is called a GILL) of the present day; and stands about six inches high. It is placed under the care of the Vicar, and

 continues

continues to be now used at the administration of the Sacrament at Goodrich church.

Mr. Williams will accept my public thanks for his kind assistance in promoting the interest of these pages, by the preceding particulars relating to this cup.

THE reflecting mind, in contemplating the persecutions of Mr. Thomas Swift, for his zeal in the cause of his King, to which he was bound by his oath, as a clergyman, to adhere, must render his family the involuntary sigh of compassion for his sufferings, more especially when we consider, that it resulted from a dignified and disinterested attachment, from which, if we allow the distress of his majesty after the battle of Naseby, and subsequent flight to Ragland castle for refuge, he had little prospect of future remuneration. For a country minister, who had to support a wife and ten children on less than 200*l.* a year, to detach from his income so large a sum as 75*l.* (taking his broad pieces for crowns only), does honor to the heart from whence it flowed; and if any thing could render the gift more acceptable, it must have been the unaffected simplicity with which it was delivered. The sum indeed was not large for a single sacrifice,—but it should be remembered, that he had been laid under contribution very frequently and severely by the opposite party.

The fact is,—that his opulent neighbour, Col. Kyrle, of Walford Court, was equally attached to the opposite interest,—by whom, and under the authority of the Earl

of

of Stamford, who commanded in these parts, Mr. Swift and his family were reduced to great necessity.

" And if the world would know (says my authority)* " what so exasperated these rebels against this gentle- " man, the Earl of Stamford (a man that is not bound " to give an account of all his actions), gave two rea- " sons for it:—First, Because he had bought armes, " and conveyed them into Monmouthshire, (which un- " der his Lordship's good favor was not so);—And, " Secondly, Because not long before he preached a " sermon in Rosse, upon that text, Give unto Cæsar " the things that are Cæsar's; in which, his lordship " said, he had spoken treason, in endeavouring to give " Cæsar more than his due. These two crimes cost " Master Swift no less than three hundred pounds!"

BRIEF

NOTICES OF GOODRICH.

THE parish of Goodrich, whose history adds so interesting a portion of information to these pages, is in point of richness and fertility, equal to most parts of the delightful county of Hereford, the soil being of a fine loamy nature, producing rich crops of all sorts of grain, besides abounding in large and valuable orchards.

* A scarce and curious Tract, called " Mercurius Rusticus."

In

In addition to the pleasantness of the situation, the great turnpike road leading from all parts of South Wales to London runs thro' the centre of the parish, and several respectable families add to the sociability of the neighbourhood. No part of the kingdom affords more delightful views than those which present themselves at

PEN-CRAIG AND THE COPPET-HILL,

And persons who are fond of the exercise of riding or walking, will seldom be long confined at home; for, from the nature of the soil, the roads soon become dry even after a succession of wet weather. The market towns of Ross and Monmouth are placed at the easy distances of four and six miles,—which afford every gratification to be derived from more enlarged society.

THE FERRY HOUSE.

Protected by a beautiful hanging wood, and fronted by the river Wye, from whose shore it recedes about twenty yards, stands the above house, where a HORSE FERRY keeps open the communication of the neighbourhood. This passage over the stream gave name to the opposite parish, WALFORD, derived from the Saxon, *Wael-ford*, the *strong*, or *rapid*, *ford*, which its current so justly implies. It has been asserted, that a Roman way, from Monmouth, led through Goodrich, across the Wye, to Bollitree in the parish of Weston, and from thence to Glocester;—but this opinion did not receive the slightest credit from Dr. Griffin. The Ferry House is much admired for its retired situation.

CON-

CONTINUATION OF THE EXCURSION
DOWN THE WYE.

LEAVING Goodrich Castle,—the banks on the LEFT, which had hitherto contributed less to entertain, began now principally to attract attention; rearing themselves gradually into grand steeps; sometimes covered with thick woods,* and sometimes forming vast concave slopes of mere verdure; unadorned, except here and there, by a straggling tree; while the flocks, which hung browzing upon them, seen from the bottom, were diminished into white specks.

THE VIEW AT RUER-DEAN CHURCH

Unfolds itself next, which is a scene of great grandeur. Here both sides of the river are steep, and both woody; but in one, the woods are intermixed with rocks. The deep umbrage of the Forest of Dean occupies the front; and the spire of the church rises among the trees. The reach of the river, which exhibits this scene, is long;

* This is the general complexion of the adjacent country,—for, every ten or twelve years, the woods are cropped quite close to the ground, principally to supply the forges and furnaces with charcoal, &c. and as they sprout again, this delightful verdure appears scarce distinguishable, at some distance, from the most luxuriant crops. As in other spots their vigor is increased, or come to full growth, different tints and shades are seen, which constitute the wonderful variety so peculiar to these scenes. Even the cheerless and rocky hills, which overlook the river, contribute a considerable portion of advantage to their neighbourhood; for possessing a limestone quality, and the Forest of Dean affording a cheap supply of coal, the land is conveniently enriched with lime at an easy expence.

and,

and, of course, the view, which is a noble piece of natural perspective, continues some time before the eye; but when the spire comes directly in front, the grandeur of the landscape is gone.*

THE STONE QUARRIES

On the right, from which the Bridge of Bristol was built; and on the left, the Furnaces of Bishop's Wood, vary the scene, though they are objects of no great importance in themselves. The whole here greatly improves, and the stream flows through an avenue of richer cloathing.

For some time, both sides of the river continue steep and beautiful. No particular object indeed characterizes either, but here Nature characterizes her own scenes. We admire the infinite *variety* with which she *shapes* and *adorns* these vast concave and convex forms. We admire also that *varied touch* with which she expresses every object.

In the reach below this is

LIDBROOK,

Where, from a large Wharf, Coals are shipped for Hereford and other places. Here the scene is *new* and *pleasing*. All has thus far been grandeur and tranquility. It is now life and bustle. A road runs diagonally along

* Ruer-Dean is a small parish, in the hundred of St. Briavels, in the Forest division. It is called Ruer-Dean (supposed to be a corruption of River-Dean), because it is situate on the River Wye, and to distinguish it from the neighbouring places of Mitchel-Dean and Little-Dean, which abound with pit coal and iron ore. The church is a curacy, in the deanery of Ross, worth about twenty pounds a year, and to which the Vicar of Walford has the presentment.

the

the bank, and horses and carts appear passing to the small vessels, which lie against the wharf, to receive their burdens. Close behind, a rich woody hill hangs sloping over the wharf, and forms a grand back-ground to the whole. The contrast of all this business, the engines used in lading and unlading, together with the solemnity of the scene, produce altogether a picturesque assemblage. The sloping hill is the front screen; the two side-screens are low.

Both here and at Bishop's Wood (before mentioned), the proprietor, William Partridge, esq. of Monmouth, has lately made very large additions to the former extensive iron works at these places; and Mr. Teague, the owner of several collieries in the Forest of Dean, has laid down a rail or tram road, to communicate with a wharf on the bank of the Wye, for the purpose of better supplying the city of Hereford, and intervening places near the river, with this valuable article in life.

COURT FIELD.

A Little below Lidbrook, on the right, stood an ancient Mansion, rendered distinguishable from having been the *Nursery of King Henry the Fifth.* We are told by Williams, in his History of Monmouthshire, "That "being, when young, of a weak and sickly habit, he

was

was placed here, under the care of the Countess of Salisbury.

The parish of Bicknor,* in which it is situated, forms a part of the county of Monmouth, though surrounded by Herefordshire. Court Field was previously called GREEN FIELD, but changed its name to that it is now known by, from the Royal Infant being nurtured there.

The estate belonging to it, which is somewhat considerable, has, for a long space of years, been in the possession of the Vaughan family. The name is softened to english pronunciation, but was anciently called *Vychan*, which in Welch means *little*, implying the lesser part of a greater family, they being lineally related to the Herberts Earls of Pembroke, and for that reason called *little* Herbert.

Since the death of his father, the present William Vaughan, esq. having assumed the government of his own fortune, the ancient house has been taken down, and on its site has been erected a very handsome mansion, compatible with the comforts of modern life. It occupies a commanding eminence, which falls down in a fine slope to the water's edge; and when the ornamental gardening and plantations, now laid out, shall have approached maturity, it will vie with the most tasteful residence in the surrounding neighbourhood. Mr. Maddox, of Monmouth, was the Architect.

* BICKNOR was anciently called BICAMORE, a Saxon word, derived from BIC, a river, and ORE, upon,—which implies its situation.

WELCH

WELCH-BICKNOR CHURCH.

ABOUT half a mile from Court Field, on the same shore of the Wye, stands the parish church of Welch Bicknor,—so called, to distinguish it from another village of the same name, about two miles below, on the opposite side of the river, in Glocestershire, which now only divides the two counties, but was formerly the boundary between the Welch and English, according to this verse of Neckham:*

"*Inde vagos Vaga Cambrenses, hinc respicit Anglos.*"
Hence WYE the ENGLISH views, and thence the WELCH.

It is a very small building, measuring only 20 yards long, by 12 wide, the body being without any pavement, except the flat stones which cover the dead. But for the antiquarian and historian it possesses something interesting, for tradition informs us, *that the Countess of Salisbury, who nursed King Henry the Fifth, lies buried here.*

Her effigy is placed to front the reading desk in the body of the church. She is represented by a whole length recumbent figure, carved on a stone of a dirty colour; but the abilities of the artist intitle him to credit, for the free and loose manner in which he has executed

* Nequam, or Neckham (a Monk), was a writer of Latin poetry, and died in the year 1217. He was originally called "Nequam," but changed his name; because that when he desired to be re-admitted to St. Alban's priory, the Abbot replied to him, "Si bonus es, venias—si nequam, nequaquam." Displeased at the allusion, he called himself Neckham ever afterwards. He was bred in the university of Paris.

the drapery. The head is ornamented with a dress of early date (the features wholly exposed), and on each side is an infant child, lying near to her face. The left arm is broken off above the elbow, yet the hand remains, in which she holds a cross suspended from her neck, and with the right hand her flowing robes. The figure is also broken at the knees. It is certainly of ancient date, but there is no inscription, nor character, to support the tradition that it represents the Countess of Salisbury.

The annals of British History, at the period in which that lady lived, are veiled in a considerable degree of obscurity, or we should not be left in such uncertainty with respect to the true place of her interment. Thus far however we know of her connections:

Her maiden name was Maud Francoys. Her father, who (in a work I quote), is stiled Sir Adam Francoys, Knt. was a man of eminence, having served the office of Lord Mayor of London. She was *three* times married. Her first husband was Sir Alan Buxhull, the elder, Lieutenant of the Tower;—her second, is called John Aubrey, son of Andrew Aubrey, citizen of London;—and, her last, John Montacute, third Earl of Salisbury, and Lord Monthelmer. Now the question is, *at what time did she marry this John earl of Salisbury?* If this circumstance was clearly known, the subject under consideration would cease to be any longer a matter of dispute. On a *first view*, her title in life forbids the employment supposed, she ranking, by her last marriage, above the Prince's mother, who at that time was only

only Countess of Derby,—and next to this, the political principles of her Lord, render such a situation about the Prince still more inadmissible.

The truth or fallacy of this Lady's having been *Nurse* to King Henry, has induced the writer to call in the aid of every historical testimony within his reach,—as well as the splendid talents of some gentlemen (who have honored him with their notice), who hold the first rank in this walk of learning, in order to ascertain what degree of credit is due to this popular tradition; and it gives him the greatest pleasure to be privileged to lay the communications of the latter before the public,—which are as follow;

"With respect to the figure in Welch Bicknor "church, ascribed to the Countess of Salisbury, who is "said to have nursed King Henry the Fifth, I conceive "the story rests on tradition, founded perhaps only on "her holding two children in her arms, of which I "have seen other instances. The Countess of Salisbury "likely to come in for that honor, would have been "Elizabeth, daughter of John Lord Mortimer, of "Dunster castle, wife of William Montacute, second "Earl of Salisbury of that name, who died 1396 or 7; "but she expressly bequeathed her body to be buried "with her husband's family at Bustlesham, or Bisham, "abbey, in Berkshire.* Welch Bicknor was part of "the jointure of her husband's mother, wife of his "father the first earl. She died 18 Richard II. (1395), "but where she was buried does not appear."

* Dugdale's Baronage, Vol. I. page 649—50.

" That the person here represented might have " nursed Henry the Fifth (who was born at Monmouth " 1388), and one of his brothers or sisters, is not im- " probable, and therefore represented holding two " children in her arms, as the nurse of Reve of Anjou " and his sister in France, or the lady in Blicklin " chancel in Norfolk, who died in child bed of a son " and daughter:—but that she was a *noble* Lady, or a " *Lady of the Manor*, MAY BE DOUBTED."

Thus far the one—let me now add the opinion of

THE REV. DR. GRIFFIN.

" Sir Alan Buxhull, the first husband, was a person " politically devoted to the House of Lancaster; for " which attachment, he was appointed Constable of the " Tower of London. In his adherence to this family, " he is said to have violated the first offices of humanity, " by putting to death in cool blood, and without order, " some hostages which the King had committed to his " care. From the confidence her husband enjoyed in " the monarch's esteem, it is supposed that this Lady, " while the wife of Sir Alan Buxhull, was appointed " Nurse to the infant Prince, and that she is stiled " Countess of Salisbury, because she really was such at " the time of her decease. There is no date affixed to " either of her marriages, or that alone would decide " for us;—but there is every reason for supposing, that " if she was Nurse to the Prince, it originated in her " husband's violent predilection for the Lancastrian " family."

In

BICKNOR CHURCH.

In the window of the body of Bicknor church, looking to the eastward, and nearly opposite the stone figure, is a circular space in the centre, which, before it was replaced by the present glass, there is just reason to believe, contained the arms of the person, whoever she was, that lies buried here. This demolition every reader of taste will lament, as they would have reduced to a certainty the family to which she belonged —and with whose history we are so anxious to be made acquainted.

The church does not contain any other ancient monument; but flat stones record the memories of the ancestors of William Vaughan, esq. of Court Field, before mentioned.

THE CHALICE,

Used in the administration of the sacrament at Bicknor Church, has been deemed of high antiquity, from an inscription on the cover, which was taken for the date of the year, viz. 1146,—the 22d of king Henry II. but this is an erroneous conjecture.

The figures of one, as they are deemed, are I. I. the initials of the donor's name, or the name of the churchwarden at the time it was purchased, anno Dom. 1600. For want of room, the stroke, frequently used instead of the two noughts (16—), is omitted,—the rest is easily ascertained,—and the above definition will be found correct. Hence the cup is only 208, instead of of 662, years old, as was before asserted.

The Living, a small Rectory, is in the gift of the Crown.

AT

AT ENGLISH BICKNOR,

A triangular bushy mount hangs like a noble rampart to the water at the next reach. The verdant rocks now spread their tufted heads in variegated order; and at the half-way point, the abrupt cliffs, called

COLD-WELL,

Opened an amphitheatre of romantic beauties, beyond the power of words or canvass to express. The front screen first appears as a woody hill, swelling to a point:—in a few minutes it changes its shape, and the woody hill becomes a lofty side screen on the right,—while the front unfolds itself into a majestic piece of rocky scenery.

Here, in a beautiful little bay, formed by the hand of Nature, company bring the boat to anchor,—and display, on the bank of the river, those stores of refreshment which generally they provide for the voyage. Nothing can exceed this spot for its beauty, which is truly a chosen one,—and derives its name from being nearly the "Mid-way" of the Excursion.

The creeping evergreens upon the protuberances of each mouldering rock, and the profusion of other hanging foliage, present a variety of vivid tints inimitably soft and fine. No tapestry of art, not even of the rich Gobelins,* can possibly excel this admirable production of the loom of Nature.

* A house in PARIS in the suburbs of St. Marceau, so called from Gilés Gobelin, an excellent dyer, who found out the secret of dying scarlet in the reign of Francis I. At this place they made the finest tapestry in Europe.

With

With the sincerest sorrow I intrude on this retired scene, by inserting the following melancholy event, which took place here. On Friday, the 14th of September 1806, John Whitehead Warre, esq. of Hendon, in Middlesex, accompanied by Mrs. Warre and four of their children, made the excursion down the Wye from Ross in a pleasure boat, intending to go to Monmouth; and when they arrived at the half-way point, they sat down to a cold collation, brought with them, to enjoy in the uninterrupted shade. As soon as the repast was over, their eldest son, a fine youth, about 16 years of age, was induced, by the fineness of the day, to bathe: but, in attempting to swim across the river, he, as is supposed, was seized with the cramp, and instantly sunk to the bottom, in the presence of the whole party. The boatmen had gone into the adjoining wood, to gather nuts, while the family were at dinner; when, alarmed by the shrieks they heard, they returned to the boat, who finding the accident that had occurred, one of them, named John Smith, plunged immediately into the river, dived, and brought Master Warre to the surface of the stream, for, from the clearness the water, the body was as distinctly seen, as though it had been extended on the green turf before them.

The skill of Smith, as a swimmer, would have saved the youth, if the latter had not laid such hold on him; but seizing him, as it were, with a death-like grasp, by his arms, they both went down again together to the bottom; nor was it but with the greatest difficulty that he could get disengaged, so as to preserve his own life.

To

To increase the distress of the party, the pleasure boat, which was large and heavy, was unluckily moored at some distance lower down the stream, which precluded its immediate assistance, so that another of a lighter kind, that lay not far off was resorted to, and by that means they brought the body to shore, from whence it was conveyed to the cottage of Thos. Weare, of Crowmarsh (a few hundred yards below, on the opposite side of the river), where every means were used, but without effect, to restore suspended animation. Thus perished this unfortunate youth, in the presence of his parents, and in the bloom of life; whose opening virtues, as his father declared to me, gave them the happiest assurances of his adding an honor to them and to society. His remains were afterwards removed to Monmouth, and on the Monday following interred in that churchyard, amidst the tears of the surrounding spectators, whose countenances bespoke their genuine sorrow for his very premature fate.

What the anguish of his family was on this lamentable event, language indeed would convey but a feint idea of,—increased as it were by a rapidity, equal to thought, in its recollection, from the purest joy to the deepest distress. Mrs. Warre had lately recovered from a severe illness;—to improve her health this excursion was undertaken,—and in order to promote its pleasures, (I think Mr. Warre informed me) this child in particular was brought from school, to join in the party. To express, in some degree, those feelings, and their regard for a son so dear, thus early called from them,

a MONU-

A MONUMENT has been erected, on the bank of the Wye, at COLDWELL, immediately opposite that part of the river where the melancholy event took place,—which may serve as a beacon to others, "how they "trust the deceitful stream." It was executed in London by Code and Selby, and bears the following

INSCRIPTION:

Sacred to the memory of John Whitehead Warre, who perished near this spot, whilst bathing in the river Wye, in sight of his afflicted parents, brother, and sisters, on the 14th of September 1804, in the 16th year of his age.

GOD'S WILL BE DONE!

Who, in his mercy has granted consolation to the parents of the departed, in the reflection, that he possessed truth, innocence, filial piety, and fraternal affection, in the highest degree:—that, but a few moments before he was called to a better life, he had with a never to be forgotten piety, joined his family in joyful thanks to his Maker, for the restoration of his mother's health.

His Parents, in justice to his amiable, virtuous, and excellent disposition, declare, he was void of offence towards them; and, with humbled hearts, they bow to the almighty's dispensations; trusting, thro' the mediation of His blessed Son, he will mercifully receive their child he so suddenly took to himself.

This monument is here erected to warn parents and others to be careful how they trust the deceitful stream; and particularly to exhort them to learn and observe the directions of the Humane Society for the recovery of persons apparently drowned. It is with extreme anguish here commemorated what is felt for the want of the knowledge of them.

Passenger, who e'er thou art, spare this tomb. It is erected for the benefit of the surviving, and but a poor record of the grief of those that witnessed the sad occasion of it. God preserve you and your's, and may you not require the assistance. But, if unfortunately you should, the apparatus and directions for their application, by the Humane Society, for the saving of persons apparently drowned, are lodged at the church of Coldwell.

ON THE OTHER SIDE:

It is with great gratitude acknowledged by the parents of the deceased, that permission was gratuitously and most obligingly granted by William Vaughan, of Court Field, esq. proprietor of the land, for the erection of this monument.

Under such poignant grief, what heart but would exult, in every sympathetic endeavour, to sooth the sorrows of this family?—not only at a distance from home, but also in a town, to whose inhabitants they were totally unknown! Yet, tho' I share in the flattery, I deem it a duty to the inhabitants of Monmouth, thus publicly to express Mr. Warre's sentiments, communicated by him to the writer, in a letter, he having made an offer of his house to the family, during the fulfilment of the last sad offices of humanity to his departed son. After expressions of great esteem, he thus proceeds:

"Accept our united, most grateful, acknowledgments, for the offer of your house; "but the kind attention and sympathy of Mr. and Mrs. Crutchley (then of the King's "Head, but now of the Angel, Abergavenny, in this county), and even their servants, "to our distress, render it more like a house of comfort than an Inn. Nor can I, on "this occasion, omit expressing my most grateful sense of the kindness and commi-"seration of your clergyman, Mr. Davis,—Mr. Hughes, your banker, who most "frankly and liberally offered me every pecuniary assistance,—as also to William "Powell, esq. and family. In short, Sir, every consolation has been bestowed."

These attentions, if such a name they deserve, were soon remunerated to every individual. To the boatman, John Smith, independent of a pecuniary reward on the spot for his generous exertions, and Thomas Weare,* the cottager, handsome SILVER CUPS, each

* Mr. Warre was struck with surprise when in the cottager's house, and finding the name so very like his own. As the monument was sent to me, and the spot on which it was to be erected, left for me to select, I called on Thomas to point out where in the river the accident occurred, that the monument might front that part of the stream. It was the cider-making season, at the time of my visit, and I found the old man with a bow over his shoulder (such as the men use in hauling barges up the Wye), tugging round the wheel of the mill, singing a merry song, while his wife and child, who were keeping the pulp within the channel, join'd in the chorus of it. The novelty of such a scene highly interested me, nor could I help remarking "who should say that happiness was confined to any situation." The boatman, Smith, died soon after he received the cup.

bearing

bearing appropriate inscriptions, expressive of Mr. Warre's acknowledgments, were sent down, and thro' the medium of the writer conveyed to them,—and, at the same time, GOLD MOURNING RINGS to each of the gentlemen mentioned in the preceding letter, recording the fate of the untimely sufferer. On the morrow after the funeral, the family returned to CLIFTON,—from which place they set out on the excursion that terminated so fatal to their domestic happiness.

The beauty and quiet of this scene has lately received considerable diminution, by the erection of an extensive Lime-Kiln just below,—the effluvia from it which is not only disagreeable in itself, but obscures by its smoke the appearance, in some places, of those beautiful greens, with which the rocks are cloathed, and for which they are so peculiarly admired.

The massy heaps beneath, thrown from their native rocks by the devastation of time, are very curious, and some of them little inferior to the famous Bowdar stone in Borrowdale; one, in particular, infinitely more deserves the similitude of "a ship lying on its keel," immersed too in the bosom of these lucid streams.

AT ROCKLANDS,

Is a handsome mansion, the property of the late Walter Hill, Esq. The house occupies a gentle rise, a short distance from the edge of the river; fronted by a beautiful lawn, and protected in the background by the

COPPET

COPPET HILL,

Before mentioned, round which the Wye makes such an extensive sweep, and from whose summit we enjoy a most beautiful view of the principal objects noticed in these pages.

Days might there be past with pleasure in contemplating the landscapes which from every point spread themselves before us. It reflects the highest credit on the taste and sociability of the ancient gentlemen of fortune in this country, by their erection of a SUMMER HOUSE in such a spot as we are now speaking of. Very few parts of the kingdom can boast of such a country as this which lies around us.

We now came to the SECOND FERRY, called

HUNTS-HOLM* ROPE,

NEAR WHITECHURCH;

Which, to give an idea of the beauteous course of this river, is seven miles distant from the upper one at Goodrich by water, and only one by land. The parish church here, is another picturesque object on the verge of the water, so near as sometimes to be surrounded by the flood: the vast hills beyond are remarkably bold, and form a sublime termination to this reach.

* HOLM [Saxon] Hulmus, Insula Amnica,—a river island, according to Bede; or, plain grassy ground upon water sides, or in the water, according to Camden. "Cum duobus Holmis in campis de Wedone." Mon. Angl. 2 par. fol. 262. b. Therefore, where any place is called by that name, or where this syllable is joined with any other in the names of places, it signifies a place surrounded with water, as the Flat Holmes, the Steep Holmes, near Bristol. But if the situation of the place is not near the water, then it may signify a hilly place,—for Holm, in Saxon, is, in English, an hill, or cliff.

A short

A short distance from this ferry, on the left bank of the river, stands an ancient manor house, called

HUNTS-HOLM,

The property of William Vaughan, esq. who owns Court Field. The last resident of the family was John Vaughan, esq. Mr. Powles is the present occupier.

Below, the river takes a fine course, gliding through a long reach of hills, whose sloping sides are covered with large lumpish, detached stones, which seem, in a course of years, to have rolled from a girdle of rocks, that surround the upper regions of these high grounds on both sides, but particularly on the left.

WHITECHURCH.

[In a curious book, in my possession, relating to Hereford Cathedral, this place is called "Alba Monasterio;" but there is no mention made in the Monasticon of any Religious House being here established, nor that it was connected with the Priory at Goodrich.]

THE parish of WHITECHURCH is situated on the right bank of the river Wye, a few hundred yards from its shore; and is one of the prettiest, and most pleasant, Villages, in this part of the country; being placed at an easy distance from the towns of Ross and Monmouth (to each of which places is a beautiful ride), and through it runs the great turnpike road from London to all parts of South Wales, and the South of Ireland. This circumstance

cumstance, added to the attraction of Monmouthshire as a fashionable tour, gives it an air of cheerfulness unknown to other places around.

The Gwillyms were formerly possessed of considerable estates in this parish; but issue falling in the female line, they of course have been divided, and distributed into marriage connexions. Mr. John Gwillym, the learned author of the work called "A Display of Heraldry," was a branch of this family.

THE soil of Whitechurch, like that of Goodrich before mentioned, is of a fine loamy nature, producing excellent crops of all sorts of grain, with the addition of rich fruit trees, which furnish the farmer's cellars with large quantities of cider and perry; so abundant indeed, as to make those liquors the general beverage of the country.

A curious custom prevails in Herefordshire, as well as in some parts of Monmouthshire, called

WASSAILING,

Which, as it is different from any thing practised elsewhere, I shall take the liberty to relate:

On the Feast of the Epiphany, soon after midnight, the bailiff of each farm, with all the other servants, proceed to a wheat-field, generally the most conspicuous upon the estate; where thirteen fires are lighted up, one of which is much larger than the rest. These fires blazing on every hill, and made still more visible by the darkness of the night, have a peculiarly striking effect upon

upon a stranger, especially when he is witness to the loud acclamations which incessantly reverberate throughout the district until sun-rise. It is hardly necessary to mention, that these rites are never performed without very plentiful libations of beer and cider. At day-break, the scene closes until the evening, when the maid servants introduce a large plumb cake, which is taken to the beast-house, (a hole being bored through the middle of it), and put upon one of the horns of the principal ox. The bailiff then receiving a cup of beer, repeats the following barbarous lines:

"Here's to thee, BENBOW,* and to thy white horn,
"And God send my master a good crop of corn;
"Both wheat, rye, and barley, and all sorts of grain,
"And this time twelve months I'll drink to thee again:
"Do thou eat thy oats, and I'll drink my beer,
"And God send us all a happy New Year."

The Bailiff having drank this health, the other Servants drink to the other Oxen in the same words, only varying their names.

This done, the ploughboy goads the principal ox, and endeavours, by every means, to make him toss the cake off his horn. If the ox throws it before him, it belongs to the bailiff,—if behind, to the ploughboy; but if it still remains on his horn, it is the property of the maid servants. This ceremony being finished, the door of the beast-house is fastened, and every spectator obliged to sing before he is suffered to depart. Upon quitting the beast-house, which must be done without the

* Name of the principal ox.

assistance

assistance of a candle, the ingenuity of the girls exerts itself in devising how to put tricks upon the company, —such as setting pails of water to tumble into, together with many other feats of equal pleasantry. The evening is concluded with general festivity and mirth.

DESCRIPTION OF THE *HARVEST SUPPER.*

The mind that sympathizes—that rejoices in seeing its fellow-creatures happy, would feel a pleasure in witnessing the very kind and generous manner with which the farmers in this county treat their servants in husbandry, during the Harvest Seasons.

Time being too valuable to admit of long hours of refreshment in the day, the joys of the table are of course suspended till the evening,—'tis then the soul unbends itself, "and to its genius freely gives." When their labours have witnessed the sun's departing rays, they repair with clean hands to the hospitable mansion, where their arrival has been anticipated by due preparation of the worthy owner. On entering, first comes the aged sire, with modest step and cheerful countenance, his locks (perhaps grey in the same service) neatly parted at the top of his head, and smoothly combed down the sides of his face, whom the master kindly greets with warmth of heart, as the acknowledgment due to his fidelity. Others then advance, not less deserving of the cheering smile, amongst whom we discover the "arch Cambrian,

Cambrian,"* led from home by that most powerful of all incitements, the hope of a more liberal reward for his labours; while the blossoms of a future race of "Nature's favorites," tho' last, not least in love, close the rear of this interesting procession.

Let us take a view of the economy of the interior. In the centre of the hall stands the Baron's Board (the long oak table), covered with a cloth that might vie with the snow for whiteness, on which is spread such substantial joints as are suitable to the keen appetite that results from exercise; and, near the top and bottom, are placed, two chosen milk-pails, selected by the dairy-maid for their neatness, filled with the liquor of their native county,—good Herefordshire cider.

In the arrangement of our system, "Order being Nature's first Law," so is a due observance of it here maintained,—every one being placed according to his service in the family. This ceremony finished, each guest helps himself to those meats he likes best, nor is the hand restrained from taking that portion which hunger demands, by the watchful glances of his master; nor, it should be observed, is any limit affixed to the number of visits which the pails pay to the cider cask, —tho', by frequent applications, at the close of the evening he does not flow so rapidly as in the earlier parts of the day.

* Considerable assistance to the labours of these seasons is given by the frontier Welchmen,—the hay and corn harvests being here more early than in South Wales; after which they return home, NEW MEN, to reap a second crop in their own country.

Dismissing the superfluities, with grateful thanks, each heart begins to prepare itself for the remaining convivialities of the evening. Pipes (those charmers of an idle hour, as the facetious I. H. Brown calls them), are now introduced, and every guest is called upon to ornament his face with one of them. These being filled and lighted, and an health drank to the founder of the feast, the master of the house (who all the while, seated in his large straw elbow chair, has been mingling in social converse), now begins to call on the vocal performers, in rotation, for their Songs.

It has ever been characteristic of an Englishman to advance his own pre-eminence, at the expence of surrounding nations,—not reflecting, that his peculiarities are equally open to the shafts of his rival's wit. France and Spain,—those perennial fountains of his contempt and exultation,—give a scope for triumph, which is here indulged in most liberally, in such ideas as the following:

"A Cheshire man goes on a trading voyage to Spain, taking with him the productions of his dairy. On his arrival in that country, he falls into conversation with a native, on the different gifts bestowed by Providence on their respective nations. The Spaniard, after enumerating many other blessings, speaks of his fruits, and that his land bears twice a year. Aroused by such remarks, the Englishman observes, his lands bear twice a day, and producing a Cheshire cheese, vauntingly asks, if he can shew such fruits as those. The Spaniard admitting his rival's better claim to a priority of luxuries, the

the Englishman, as a punishment for his assumption makes him dance the Cheshire round,—that is, give him a good cudgelling."

Other airs, applicable to agriculture and a rural life go round,—nor are the feats of arms, performed by the valour of our fleets and armies, such as the taking of Bellisle, Quebec, or the inspiring lays on the defeat of Mons. Conflans by Admiral Hawke,

"Have you not heard of Sir Cloudesly Shovel, of Russel, Drake, and Benbow?"

forgotten amongst them:—even "pity still records with a tear," at these homely meetings, the seaman's premature grave, in the "Loss of the Ramilies."

These convivialities are not restricted to any particular hour,—they are, in a musical phrase, perfectly *ad libitum*,—nor does a frown from the master ever suspend their continuance,—who seems rather rejoiced in seeing his guests so merry, than anxious, by his authority, to over-rule their happy meeting. Indeed, though repeated through the harvest, every evening appears to bring with it a fresh relish for the entertainment, if an opinion might be formed from the late, or rather early hour, to which it is protracted. As a FINALE,—at their departure, they form a circle before the door, and shout three times "Old Cider, (with the Name of their Master or Mistress) for ever." Their voices pronouncing each syllable at the same moment, and dwelling on it with a dying cadence, produce, in the still hour of night, a wonderful echo in this hilly country. They then repair to their respective homes.

Such is the peculiar boast and glory of Herefordshire.

DOWARD.

[IN THE SAME PARISH.]

THE HILLS, called GREAT and LITTLE DOWARD, which adjoin to the village of Whitechurch, and in part form the termination to the river view before mentioned, are objects equal in beauty to any that the excursion presents between Ross and Monmouth. Their difficulty of access may, in some degree, be a bar to inspection, but those who have leisure to ascend them, will be fully recompenced for the trouble, by the sublimity, grandeur, and variety, of scenery, unfolded in the prospect.

The path which leads to it on the side which fronts the Wye, is steep, stoney, and uncouth,—but a horse road is formed at Crocker's Ash, (between Monmouth and Whitechurch) whereby it may be ascended with less labour.

These hills were given, at an early period, by the King, to the Barons of Goodrich castle, who in process of years divided them among their tenants or vassals, amounting in the whole to sixty-four shares. These divisions, however, are now reduced to about thirty-one, and centre in a very few proprietors.

From the indifference shewn to the property by the respective owners, labouring men have been induced to

to erect tenements,* and inclose sufficient ground round each of them, for the purpose of a garden. Many of these cottages, on the sloping bank, between Huntsholm and New Wear, are highly beautiful, when viewed from the opposite shore of the river,—and give that part of the hill a most cheerful appearance.

Mr. SHAW was wrong informed, where he asserts, "he saw a small hut, by the water side, carlessly heaped "together, which, according to established custom, "the indigent natives raise in the night; this, if they "can accomplish it, so as to cover in, and boil a pot, "within the space of twelve hours unmolested, becomes "their own; and they are allowed to enclose a sufficient quantity of land around it, and to rebuild a more "suitable cottage." The best authority warrants me in saying, that no such privilege exists,—but that, on the contrary, it requires an uninterrupted possession for sixty years before it can become a freehold. The landowner can eject, by process of the Court Baron, and if the settler refuses to take notice, proceedings more summary can be had against him.

These Hills afford a plentiful supply of underwood for fence and fuel for the farmers (nor in this instance is the whole parish restricted), as well as pasture for their sheep, but no great number are maintained on them. Camden, in his Additions to Herefordshire, thus notices Doward:

* Nearly the whole of the settlers are men with large families, who derive their subsistence by navigating the barges on the Wye; hence the farmers are not interested in their labour,—but, on the contrary, find themselves called upon to support a numerous alien progeny.

In

" In the south limit of this county is Doward (in the " parish of Whitchurch) a pretty high hill, on the top " whereof one would guess, by the ditches, there had " been an ancient fortification: and what makes it " more probable, in digging there for iron ore and " limestone, broad arrow heads have been found of late " years; and not long ago, the greatest part of the " bones of a gigantic person were found here interred, " in a place that seemed to be arched over. The length " of all the joints were twice the length of others of this " age. Captain Scudamore, of Kentchurch, had the " skull, and Mr. White, of the New Weare, near the " place, had the remaining bones, and gave them to a " Chirurgion in Bristol."

That on it was an encampment is beyond all doubt, for its form is to be traced at the present day; and in the centre of the camp are three mounds of earth, which seem to have been raised for the tents of the commanders. The ground being defended on the E. by woody eminences, on the N. by abrupt rocky projections, on the S. by the Wye, from whose banks the rocks rise almost perpendicular,—the W. part, which was deemed accessible, appears strongly fortified by intrenchments of earth, which remain in great preservation.

It is a circumstance worthy of remark, that the space of ground within the lines of an encampment, was called "the Bailie,"—which is the name it is now known by. Many years ago, when the return of May was welcomed with

with external marks of joy, the village train used here to assemble, and indulge in all the frolic joys peculiar to the day,—among which sports, the entertainments of the Morris Dancers* held a distinguished rank.

But its military attractions are of trifling moment, when compared with its prospects, which are so richly diversified from every point of view; particularly N. and S.; to the former, a country highly cultivated, bounded by Malvern hills,—and to the latter, the beautiful enclosures of Hadnock, terminated by woody heights peculiar to this country. At one point you obtain the reach into Monmouth, with its bridge; moving forward, the church and its elegant spire add to the number of objects; and in going on, the whole town comes in sight; so that almost every step makes a sensible variation, either in the fore or back-ground of the picture.

There is a circumstance in the grounds at Persfield which has excited much pleasure, viz. the small farm on the bank of the Wye, of which you have a view from

* A corruption from Morrisque. A little book in my possession furnishes the following Note. Speaking of the Morris Dancers,—Sir William Temple says,—"Lord Leicester had a pamphlet in his possession, written by a gentleman of Here-"fordshire, where mention was made of a set of Morris Dancers, who went about "that country (in King James's reign), composed of ten men, who danced; a Maid "Marian, and a tabor and pipe; and that the twelve, one with another, made up "1200 years! It is not so much," says he, "that so many in one small county "should live to that age, as that they should be in vigour and in humour to travel "and to dance."

The above story is very popular in Herefordshire. Sergeant Hoskins is said to have been the man who entertained King James I. with the performance of this curious group. Fuller, in his usual manner, thus remarks the Longevity of this county;—"Many aged folks, which in other counties are properties of the chimnies, or con-"fined to their beds, are here found active in the fields."

the

the opposite shore; but in the writer's opinion, it is very inferior to the view over Hadnock; for the enclosures occupy a wider extent, and its woody terminations add a greater beauty to the prospect than the rocks which form the background to the former; besides this, the river is here transparent, and devoid of sludgy shores, —a disagreeable feature at Persfield.

The following information is too curious to be here omitted:—The IRON WORKS in this neighbourhood are of very early date; and it appears, that their supply of Ore was obtained from Doward. Their furnaces were on the most simple construction, being nothing more than a common blacksmith's forge, the bellows of which was worked by the foot instead of the hand. These not having sufficient force to extract the metal, a large quantity remained in the cinders, which were thrown by, and formed heaps in length of years. By the introduction of modern engines, these cinders which lay buried in the grounds became an object of speculation with the Iron Masters, and it is a fact attested on incontrovertible authority, "That many people who possessed "land where these bloomeries had been erected, pro-"cured and sold Cinders for much more than the land "originally cost;" but by the introduction of the Lancashire ore, they are now sold for a trifle, to mend the road. To the N. E. in a valley between the two hills, is a beautiful FARM, in the highest state of cultivation, which may be deemed a kind of FAIRY LAND, and is as eminently beautiful as its appearance is unexpected. It is occupied by Mr. DAVIS, and called

"THE

"THE KILN-HOUSE FARM,"

probably from the number of lime-kilns on the adjoining heights. At the upper end of the estate, in that corner of it which joins the wood, on the right, is a romantic cavern, which bears the name of "*King Arthur's Hall*;" and extends under ground (according to tradition), from thence to New Wear, a distance of more than a mile. Various are the tales which credulity has attached to its formation; but we shall briefly state, that the cavern was a MINE, out of which was produced the IRON ORE for the furnaces adjoining; and is a convincing proof of the antiquity of the iron manufactory in this part of the country, which the cinders before noticed further corroborate.

The most ingenious fabulist could not create a situation more correspondent with legendary tale, than the cavern in question; and, with equal address, might he fancy himself the Hero of Romance, and this his dwelling. The entrance is through a large apperture on the right hand,—and, on the left, is a room, both spacious and lofty; probably formed for the purpose of the workmen to regale in. Before the entrance stands a huge stone, which might have served as a guard against the weather, at unfavorable seasons. On the whole, the peculiarity of its situation, and known extent (many people having followed its course for some hundred yards under ground), give birth to the most extravagant conceptions, which the uninformed mind could create. The cavern being used as a sheep fold, it is stopped up at a short distance from the entrance, to prevent the fleecy tenants from being lost.

INTERESTING PARTICULARS

RELATING TO THE

GIGANTIC FIGURE,

FOUND IN LITTLE DOWARD,

And mentioned by Camden, in his "Britannia."

The following account is copied from a Manuscript which was written by a near relation to Mr. GEORGE WHITE, of New Wear, and given to me by the proprietor, as a mark of his good wishes for my publication.

The Account is prefaced by the following remark:

"Mr. George White lay ill of a disorder, which "hourly threatened to deprive him of his life; but by "the skill and care of a surgeon, who attended him, a "resident at Bristol, he was restored to health, and to "his family. This gentleman constantly refused any "other compensation for his attention, than the bones "of a man of very large and uncommon stature, who, "from time immemorial, had lain dead in the cavity "of a rock, part of the mound and fence of the antique "camp on Little Doward, in the parish of Whitchurch, "in the highest part, at the corner looking towards "Monmouth."

He then proceeds:—The story is varyously told, tho' what follows may probably be nearest the truth. A poor

poor cottager being in search of a goat, that annually brought two young kids, meeting with some wood cutters near the camp, enquired if they had seen her goat? received information, it had been observed going into such a hole near the mouth of the camp; which being somewhat small, the woman desired her informers to break down part, to let in more light. I don't recollect that the goat was found, but, in the return, something more surprising (by the additional light thrown in), presented itself to their view, which was the body of a man of very large stature, upon a ledge of the rock, and covered over by a natural tomb, an arch of the same rock. He lay at his length, I think upon his back, with his spear by his side. I take it for granted, the woman was not alone in this search, but accompany'd by the wood cutters; at the shock of this appearance put all their courage to the test. However, one of them ventured to touch the body of this once mighty man, and all sunk down in dust. As a strange and acceptable curiosity, the men sought for a basket, and carried all the bones and skull to their master, Mr. George White, at New Wear. The skull, I have heard, was given to Captain Scudamore, of Kentchurch, allways a most friendly countenancer of Mr. White, to whom he sold his woods near Kentchurch, and most cordially wished success. 'Tis said, the wooden part of the spear time had mouldered to dust; but the head, which was of brass, was carried down to their master. If the skull was given with the bones to the surgeon, then it must have been sent back from Kentchurch, which I can easily suppose, as it would make the present more acceptable,

ceptable, and shew Captain Scudamore's readiness to oblige, for the cure of Mr. White.

The common account that passeth, of the length of the longest bone of the middle finger, and the bones of of the leg and thigh, some will judge must needs be magnified, when reported to be twice the length of the same bones of a common man, that is, five feet eight or ten inches, about which was the stature of Mr. G. White. This giant's legs must greatly exceed those of Bentick Rider, the Emperor's ambassador to the English court, whose were compared to a pair of old fashioned tongs.

Gibson, in his third and last edition of Camden's Britannia, has recorded it, "that the length of all the "joints were twice the length of others of this age:"—if so, the man must be eleven or twelve feet: and it must be so, in proportion to what the bones of the leg and thigh were, by some, said to be those of Mr. George White. The bishop also says, "they were found here interred,"—but the body certainly, as before related, lay open and exposed upon a ledge of the rock; and what he calls arched, was nothing but the natural covering of some part of the rock; and when the body was touched, it sunk to dust,—which would not have been the case if interred in the earth.

Mrs. Henrietta Gwillim, upon mentioning these things, said, she had often and always heard it reported, "that the hip-bone was the full length of her "grandfather's, Captain George Gwillim's, of Whit-"church, leg and thigh bones,—that he had seen it,

"and

" and took the measure,—and the captain was a tall " lusty gentleman, near six feet high."

Mrs. Mary White had one large tooth, which she often shewed as a curiosity, as one taken out of the skull of that gigantic man. This, Mr. and Mrs. Dangerfield* report, who had more than once seen it. If this curiosity is still in being, in Mrs. White's niece's possession, Mrs. Osborne,† of Monk's-mill, in Glocestershire, widow of John Osborne, esq. some reference may yet be had to it, and some account of its dimensions. The teeth may not possibly carry a proportionable magnitude to the length and size of the leg and hip bone.

If the head-piece of Mac Morthe was so large and capacious, as to hold half a bushel of grain, what must the like defensive part of the armour of the mighty chief, found near the camp, Little Doward, hold? This Mac Marthe, Maimac, or Mackbeth, was the chief captain of that SEPT, and all the Irish in Leinster, and was taken prisoner, by John Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury, May 4, 1419,‡ imprisoned in Goderich castle, and, by way of ransom, the Keep of the castle was built by him, and to this day is called " Mackbeth's tower." The head-pieces, both of father and son, were long, and till late times, kept in this castle, as memorials of this atchievement; the least was very thick, and each of them weighty: the contents of the largest, near half a bushel of wheat might be held in it.

* Then Vicar of Goodrich, and his wife.

† It was preserved with great care. Some pains were taken to procure a view of it for me,—but Mrs. Osborne's illness, and subsequent death, prevented the pleasure. It is difficult to say where it now is.

‡ Mentioned in the account of Goodrich Castle.

From

From a measure taken, and kept at New Wear, my brother —— hath often said to his daughter —, " the " longest joint of the middle finger was twice the length " of his,"—which, from the frequent relation of it, she well remembers; and the measure of the length and bigness of the tooth so kept, as before related; but the contents are forgot.

Both E. Roberts and J. Roberts* confirm it, that that the father's constant information to them was, that that the surgeon was intentionally sailing to Jamaica, when the ship was cast away, and himself with the bones buried in the sea.

[With the manuscript, from which the preceding particulars were copied, two leaves were delivered, containing conjectures relating to the above character;—but, with concern, the reader is informed, that one of them, the first part, is so mutilated and torn, as to render it impossible to be decyphered. The last I thought too interesting to be omitted,—which is as follows:]

Yet it may not be thought a meer fanciful conjecture of mine to surmise, the bones of the tall man, found as I have related, and brought down to New Wear, might possibly belong to one of Vortigern's Officers, or great men, who fled from the defeat at the battle at Amesbury, in Wiltshire, and secreted himself, for a while, in the wood of Doward, and in the rock part of the encampment on Little Doward,—especially if Little Doward camp is said to be formed before the year in which the battle was fought at Ambrosbury. The bones found in Beden Vortigern, and those near the bounds of the encampment of Little Doward, were brought to light, and our tradition near one and the same time.

* Whose family favored the Printer with this manuscript.

To

To confirm, if necessary, the preceding testimony, —John Lewellyn (brother to Christopher, mentioned under Goodrich), lived to the great age of a hundred and one years, retaining the full use of his faculties to his last moments. When a boy, he was employed in Mr. White's service, and was actually present with the workmen when the body of the above person was discovered. Frequently was he used to entertain his family with a relation of the foregoing circumstances,—substantiating, in every particular, the huge size of this wonderful man.

For some time, the bones lay exposed on the wall near Mr. White's house, being placed there by him, to prevent the workmen's children from playing about the house, and disturbing him with their noise;—after which they were given to Mr. Pye, Surgeon, Bristol, for the professional aid rendered by him to his friend,—the only renumeration he would accept of,—whose premature fate we have before recorded.

This account I had from his daughter, Mrs. Mary Hopkins, residing at Whitchurch, November 3, 1799, —and Dr. Griffin related to me the shipwreck of Mr. Pye, to whom the bones were presented.

ON THE PRECEDING CHARACTER.

At this distance of time, it would be too presumptive to insist, that the person found in Little Doward was one of King Vortigern's officers, or great men, who had here secreted himself, after the dreadful massacre of

of the nobles at Amesbury; as the *manuscript history*, on which that writer grounds his authority for such an opinion, is too mutilated to be now decyphered with even tolerable correctness.

It is recorded, that Vortigern retreated, after the massacre at Amesbury, into Radnorshire, where he immediately built for himself a Castle, called Kaer Gwortigern, after his name, and in which he was destroyed by fire;—but that Doward was an asylum for any part of his army after that retreat, or that the person here found might have been one of his officers, the histories which record the event of that day, will not warrant such a conclusion to be drawn from them. Might it not rather be deemed after the battle of Ailsford?

Speed, in his 'History of Britain,' under Wiltshire, says, "that in digging about Stone Henge, near which the battle was fought, *the bones of mighty men, and armour of large and ancient fashion*, are found to this day;"—but he does not appropriate them to any of that deposed monarch's officers or soldiers.

All my enquiries after the SPEAR, said to be found with the BONES, have proved ineffectual.

* Vortigern was burnt, by Aurelius Ambrosius and his army, by applying fire to the tower, to which he had flown for security, in the town of Genoreu, which lies on the banks of the river WYE, near the town of Monmouth, which still retains its name.—"Bishop Usher's Ecclesiastical Antiquities."

According to the chronology of Britain, Vortigern was made King in 447,—deposed in 455,—re-assumed the crown in 457,—deposed again in 469,—burnt in his castle in Wales ——. Hence, if we date the battle of Amesbury in 469,—suppose that the person found in Doward lived ten years afterwards, and that his remains were not discovered till 1700, he must have lain there twelve hundred and twenty-one years!

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NEW WEAR;

THE

SECOND GRAND SCENE ON THE WYE.

[IN THE SAME PARISH.]

Many travellers, whose zeal for enjoying the peculiar beauties on the WYE, overlook the trifling difficulty of gaining an ascent, leave the boat at Coldwell, and climb the steep, called

SYMONDS YAT,

[A provincial term for GATE,—This place appears to have formed a boundary to the Counties of Hereford and Glocester.]

on the left bank: which, though a work of some toil, will reward the curious observer,—not only by a beautiful view of the country, but also of the sinuous course of the river; for, when standing on this summit, the space across is not half a mile by land, but more than FOUR by water. It also gives an idea of the precipices at Persfield, which frown upon the Wye, in a manner terrific to survey.

The river is wider in this part than usual, and takes a sweep round a towering promontory of rock, which

* This FALL is reckoned eight hundred feet perpendicular. According to Mr. Taylor's measurement, the base, of supposed tunnel, of the hill, between Coldwell and New Wear, is "six hundred yards only," and by the river "four miles two furlongs." Under the rocks at Coldwell are dispersed several cottages, the inhabitants of which are ever ready to serve as guides to such company as wish to ascend the hill. The descent to New Wear is rugged and stoney, but going with gravity lessens the inconvenience.

forms the side screen on the left, and is the grand feature of the view. It is not a broad, fractured face of rock, but rather a woody hill, from which large projections, in two or three places, burst out; rudely hung with twisting branches, and shaggy furniture, which, like mane round the lion's head, give a more savage air to these wild exhibitions of Nature. Near the top, a pointed fragment of solitary rock, rising above the rest, has rather a fantastic appearance; but it is not without its effect in marking the scene.

On the right side of the river, the bank forms a woody amphitheatre, following the course of the stream round the promontory. Its lower skirts are adorned with a hamlet, in the midst of which volumes of thick smoke, thrown up at intervals from an Iron Forge, as its fires receive fresh fuel, add double grandeur to the scene.

But what peculiarly marks this view, is a circumstance on the water. The whole river at this place, makes a precipitate fall; of no great height indeed, but enough to merit the title of a cascade; though to the eye above the stream, it is an object of no consequence. In all the scenes we had yet passed, the water moving with a slow, and solemn pace, the objects around kept time, as it were, with it; and every steep, and every rock, which hung over the river, was solemn, tranquil, and majestic. But here, the violence of the stream, and the roaring of the waters, impressed a new character on the scene: all was agitation and uproar; and every steep, and every rock stared with wildness and terror.

FIRST SETTLEMENT OF NEW WEAR.

In the year 1685, Mr. George White and Mr. Thomas Fletcher, both of Monmouth, joined in a lease for lives, under the Duke of Kent, for the purpose of erecting here an Iron Manufactory; but Mr. Fletcher finding the expence greater than he was willing to incur, about two years afterwards declined the connexion, when another lease for lives was granted to Mr. George White alone. His enterprising spirit, added to his knowledge of the business in which he was about to embark, overcame the difficulties which at first presented themselves;—and, by his diligence and perseverance, accomplished the undertaking, he had, to use his own expression, "very near his heart." This lease continued in the family till the year 1798; when, by the death of Mrs. Osborne, of Monk's-mill, in Glocestershire, the contract ceased, and became the property of the late George Griffin, esq.

THE LOCK.

Below the juction of the river Monnow with the Wye at Monmouth, as also at Big's-wear, Landogo, Cardithel, Brock-wear, &c. LOCKS were erected on this river, and the barges navigating it paid a tonnage to the late Lord Sandys's family, of Ombersley Court, in Worcestershire, whose freeholds they were. But being considered, some years ago, rather a disadvantage than a benefit, the right of tonnage was purchased of that family.

family, and the river divested of the impediments, except New-wear, which was guaranteed, under Act of Parliament, with this proviso, "that the water should "flow over it a given quantity of feet," in order that the Salmon might be able to ascend the Wear, for the benefit of the upper parts of the country; at which level it has since continued, and is now the only lock on the river Wye in the course of the voyage.

THE FORGE.

This scene at New-wear, which in itself is truly great and awful, so far from being disturbed, becomes more interesting and important, by the business to which it is destined.

THE IRON FORGE

Is situate in the midst of all this gloom, covered with a black cloud of smoak, and surrounded with half-burned ore, with coal, and with cinders. The fuel for it is brought down a path, worn into steps, narrow and steep, and winding among precipices; and near it is an open space, forming part of DOWARD, about which

* The Barges, in passing through the Lock, afford some amusement to the minds of those who are not in the habit of witnessing such scenes. On opening the gates, after the vessel is lowered to the level of the river, the current sets into the lock, in opposition to the stream. In order therefore to bring her into the tide, some force is necessary. No sooner is the signal made for assistance, than young and old, boys and girls, fly to the rope, and, with a zeal the most hearty, soon deliver the vessel from her otherwise stationary situation, to the active current of the river. The Boatmen reward their exertions by giving a few of them a halfpenny a-piece. Their services, it should be said, are wanted by each barge for a few minutes only; but having in Spring week "many customers," they find their time as well paid for, as such transitory labour might reasonably expect.

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are scsttered the dwellings of the workmen.* It stands close to the cascade of the Wear, where the agitation of the current is increased by large fragments of rocks, which have been swept down by floods from the banks, or shivered by tempests from the brow: and the sullen sound, at stated intervals, from the strokes of the great hammers in the forge, deadens the roar of the water-fall. Just below it, while the rapidity of the stream still continues, a ferry is carried across it; and lower down, the men employed in the salmon fishery use the little round boats, called Truckles (before noticed), which the least motion will overset, and the slightest touch may destroy. All the employments of the people seem to require either exertion or caution; and the ideas of force or of danger which attend attend them, give to the scene an animation unknown to a solitary, though perfectly compatible with the wildest romantic situations.

SALMON FISHERY.

The right of FISHERY, which is here very valuable, is enjoyed by William Partridge, esq. of Monmouth, who carries on the Iron Works, which he holds under the representatives of the late George Griffin, esq. of Monmouth; whose father (the Admiral), purchased the Duke of Kent's property before mentioned.

* The scattered cots, says Mr. Shaw, as we approached the New Wear, are richly recluse,—no gripe of poverty, no perplexing care, seem to disturb these quiet haunts; a more primæval scene cannot be well conceived to exist. Passing through the Lock, we saw the busy Cyclops working on the opposite shore; and as the evening was far advanced, and rather overcast, this scene became more awful and sublime.

THE WYE.

FROM New Wear to Monmouth, the walk holds forth the most inviting attractions; indeed it is a combination of such rich and varied scenery the whole of the way, that a transitory view from the boat can convey but a feint idea of its beauties.

The path conducts us, on the right bank of the river, for some distance, under a shady row of mixed trees; behind which recede a grand range of rocks, in a variety of fantastic shapes and forms, more or less cloathed with ivy, and at their base are strewed about detached stones, of an enormous size, which increase the dignity of the scene. The opposite bank is a woody hill, thro' which the coal from the Forest of Dean is conveyed, for the use of the neighbourhing limekilns.

At the end of this row of trees, you enter some fine meadow ground,*—and the river, by a beautiful curve, shutting out the confusion at the Wear, presents a pastoral scene, as pleasing as unexpected. This charming CONTRAST, from uproar to all that is soothing or agreeable in Nature, appears more the fiction of a dream than reality,—and forms a part of that *unceasing variety*, which so peculiarly marks the course of this river. The attention is not suffered to pause long on a particular object, so rapid are the attractions on each bank; sometimes

* These meadows, as far as DOWARD, are called the Bibblings.

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the folding screen is on the right, at another on the left; and, by a sudden curve, a bold front screen marks the distance,—in each of which, some novelty or beauty is introduced, either in the form, colour, or cloathing, of the rocks, so as to excite in the mind a perpetual delight and admiration.*

The outward colour of the rocks at Coldwell and New Wear is of a light grey; but here they take a change from Nature as well as from Art; for possessing a limestone quality, their faces are fractured into different forms, which changes the colour to a light red, and by that means adds a fresh tint to the variety. Those on the right bank rise more abruptly from the ground, and their appearance is more rude and savage. Down their sides, at the fourth mead, a water-fall, called the *dripping well*, which possesses a petrifying quality, hurries headlong, forming in winter a fine cascade, and even in summer a stream of such force, as to deserve, though with less claim, the appellation.

The sixth field *was* Elysium;—it occupies a greater extent, and was skirted with a rich coppice, both in front and on the right; the bottom part fringed with an irregular row of trees of different kinds, whose pensive forms added to the luxury of the scene; but, by the falling of the wood, all its charms have been destroyed,—and will continue, till time shall again add

* The late Edmund Burke, esq. resided for some time at Monmouth, before he entered on the Public Theatre of Life. It has been mentioned, that during his stay here, the fine scenes at New Wear, and other places in the neighbourhood, produced his Work on the "Sublime and Beautiful;" but, in comparing dates, there is reason for thinking, the Book was published antecedent to that period. He could not have had a more inspiring School to aid his Imagination.

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those graces, the axe so imperiously tore from them. At the upper end stand some fine chesnut trees, whose spreading branches seem to invite the traveller under their solacing shade.

We now open upon DOWARD, whose rocks upon its summit appear like the ruins of an ancient CASTLE. The rude appearance of this mountain, is finely softened, by the rich and beautiful enclosures on the opposite shore at Hadnock, as noticed in a preceding part of the tour. At the S. W. point of the hill, huge stones hang *in terrorem* on its side, in a manner almost astonishing; one in particular, curiosity prompted to examine, which measured 27 feet long, 7 feet broad, and 6 feet thick.

THE LAYS HOUSE,

On the right bank of the river, was lately erected by

S. O. ATTLAY, ESQ.

of Mount Street, Berkley Square, London. It occupies a pleasing eminence, which commands a beautiful view of the meandering Wye, and is finely screened from the bleak winds, by the lofty Doward. A more beautiful situation could scarcely be found, even in this country, favored as it so peculiarly is by Nature.

Passing through a few pleasant meadows, we meet the turnpike road, at the bottom of the hill, called

GENEAU'R YW,

vulgarly pronounced GANAREW, which is an ancient british word, and implies "a pass between hills,"—it being the line of communication between Monmouth, Ross,

Ross, and Glocester, to London. Here the river, by making an abrupt turn to the right, changes the fine woody hill from a grand front to a side screen, which it continues for some time.

These HANGING WOODS, in AUTUMN, are inriched with colours, whose beauty cheers the approach of the inclement season they forebode; and confer a peculiar grace on the country at that period of the year.

WHITECHURCH, in whose Parish so large a portion of this fine scenery is included (with the Chapelry of Ganerew), unitedly form a valuable Rectory. The present Incumbent is the Rev. Duncombe Davis, A. M. who is also Vicar of Monmouth.

HADNOCK HOUSE,

THE SEAT OF THE LATE REV. PHILIP GRIFFIN, LL. D.

NOW OF HIS LADY, MRS. GRIFFIN,

Comes in view; which, with the Hill, Courtfield, Rocklands, and the Lays, are the most elegant mansions, immediately on the banks of the river, in the course of the voyage from Ross to Monmouth.

Among the many respectable families, both in and near Monmouth, from whom the writer has received particular marks of kindness, to none does he feel himself more indebted than to the late Dr. GRIFFIN. Indeed, it would create a pause in his mind, to know, in what manner greater civilities could have been shewn to him, either at Hadnock or at Monmouth.

But sentiments of personal regard, deeply as they are engraved on his heart, shall here give place to an higher authority; for though he cherishes, with fond remembrance, the many cheerful hours passed at the Doctor's table,—it shall not be supposed that private feelings had an undue share in these public acknowledgments, not only with respect to the distinguished friendship, so long enjoyed, but also for the many valuable communications to these pages; for which reason, he quotes Mr. Williams's "Preface to the History of Monmouthshire:" whose better knowledge appeared more likely to impress conviction on the reader's mind;

"The Library of Dr. Griffin of Hadnock, consists principally of books relating to British antiquities. They have been at the Author's service; and the Doctor has assisted in the use of them, with the zeal and liberality of a mind, eminently honest and disinterested. He seems to have had thoughts of writing a history of Monmouthshire. His disposition and taste are directed principally to the origin and connections of families, and to the descent of property; and his notes, which he has had the candour to submit to the Author, generally referred to those subjects. The Reader will see the use made of that indulgence, would not preclude such a work; probably a model to the Historiographers of counties;—a history of powerful and opulent families, written by a Clergyman, uninfluenced by patronage, or the desire of preferment, and with a scrupulous regard to truth." *Page* ix.

"Hadnock

"Hadnock House is situated on the brow of one of those projecting hillocks, which over-look the Wye, two miles from Monmouth, and on the edge of the Forest of Dean. It was the chosen retirement of Admiral Griffin; the late Dr. Griffin's father.

"The hills fringed with various coppices, are contrasted by the surface of a majestic wood; the austere characters of a large mountain, in the back-ground, have their grandeur and rigor finely softened by the winding and cultivated vale; and the whole landscape, which would otherwise be rude and romantic, receives the most delicate touches from the occasional appearance of the magnificent and peaceful Wye, slowly meandering at the foot of the Knoll, on which the house is so happily placed." *Hist. M.shire*, p. 332.

DIXTON.

[In the "Account of Hereford," mentioned under "Whitchurch," this Place is called DUKESTON, probably from being an Appendage to the Barony of Monmouth, tho' it is not included in the civil jurisdiction of the Borough.]

A short distance below, on the opposite shore of the Wye, stands the Parish CHURCH of that name; which makes no figure as a picturesque object, when viewed from the river, by reason of its awkward form, being long and narrow,—and its spire (or rather want of one) gives the whole a heavy appearance. The Living is a small Vicarage, in the gift of the Rt. Hon. Lord Gage, who possesses a fine estate in the neighbourhood.

The officiating Minister is the Rev. John Powell, A. M. Master of the Free Grammar School, Monmouth.

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The Reader, if he takes notice, will find the graves of those recently buried, in this part of the country, *entirely strewed over with Flowers.* The custom is an imitation of an observance more beautifully attended to in South Wales, an account of which I have been favoured with by a Lady who resided some time in Glamorganshire.

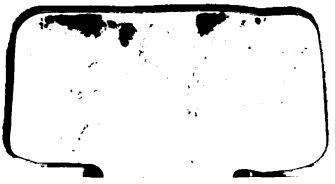
Soon after interment, or in proper season, the graves are planted with a variety of flower-roots, which bloom early in the Spring, and care is taken to weed and otherwise dress them, on a particular day, in which duty all the young people of the parish assist, not as a task, but regarding it as a pious holiday; so that when they put forth their blossoms, the churchyard has the appearance of a GARDEN in elegant order,—much more consistent with decency than turning in horses, pigs, &c. to graze it.

How beautifully does the poet, Collins, allude to this tribute of affection for departed friends, in the elegant LINES, beginning with

"To fair Fidele's grassy tomb," &c.

From Hadnock, a beautiful *reach*, two miles in extent, with grand hanging woods, on the right or left bank, near the whole of the way, conducts us into

MONMOUTH.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

End of the First Part of the Excursion.